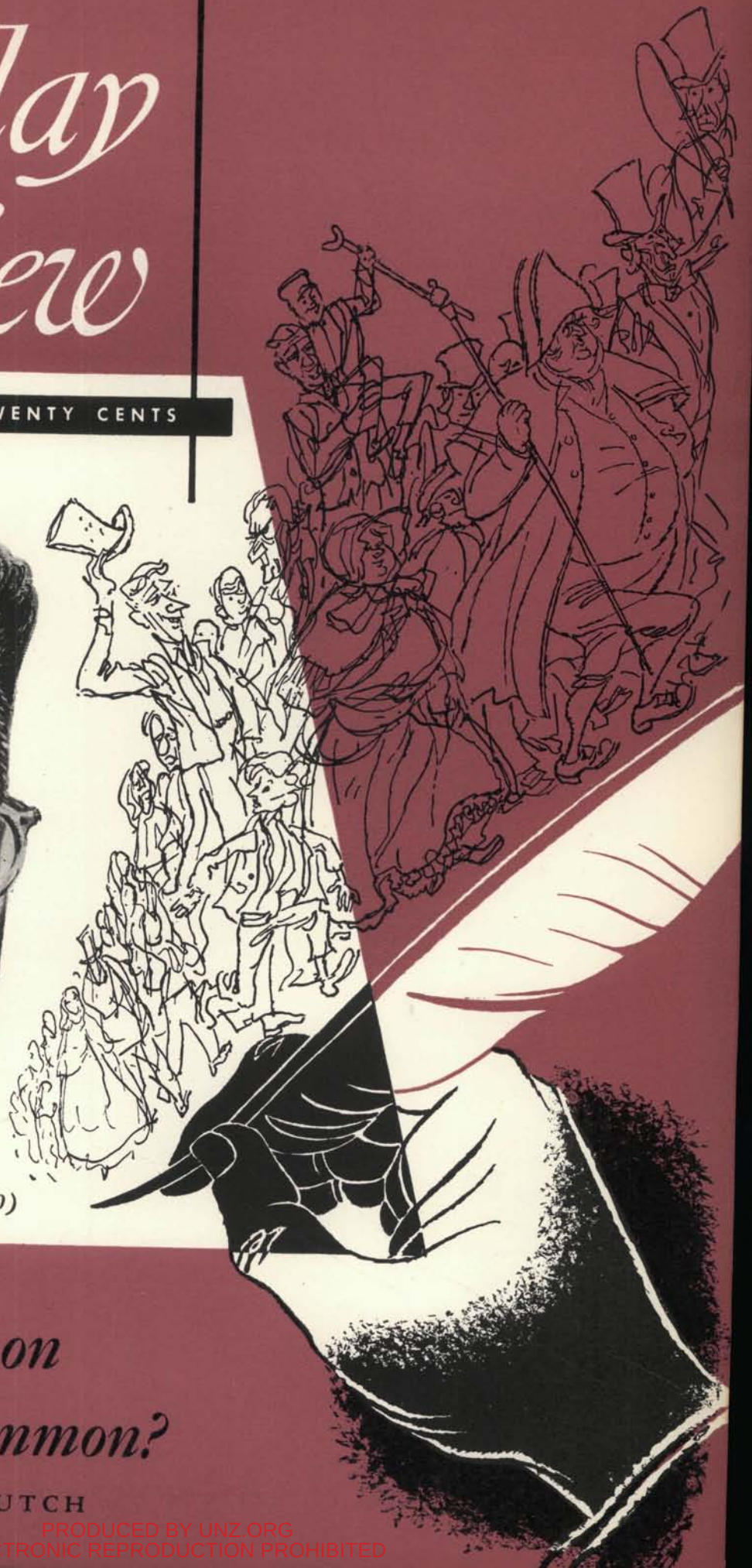
Saturday Review

JANUARY 10, 1953 TWENTY CENTS

Edgar Johnson, author of "Charles Dickens." *(See page 10)*



Is Our Common Man Too Common?

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

The plane that's lighter on our pockets

A peculiar whistle skyward makes you say "jet" even before you turn. Instinctively you look in the wrong spot of blue, for the jet outspeeds its sound. Playfully it may leave a pencil of white for your eyes to slide down—then nothing.

That plane is yours, some microscopic part of it. You pay taxes. (That word again.) And you hope that defense money, even if astronomical in amount, ought somehow to be spent with the same care and attention *you* give a dollar bill.

You might like a report on that. We can give you a few encouraging stories. Anybody in business making products by the million automatically cocks an eye, and asks his engineers:

"How can we make it work better, and cost less, both at the same time?"

Jet plane engines happen to be in General Electric territory. In fact, we made the first jet engine in the U.S.

• Climb inside a jet engine (if that were possible) and you'd find yourself in a forest of steel fins—a thousand blades bristle from the compressor walls. Our production men instinctively winced at the cost and time of forging these. So our scientists and engineers developed a new type of stator blade and new tools and methods for making it. Estimated cash saving: 55%. Critical-material saving: 39%.

• You wouldn't think jet aircraft instruments had a cost problem. But imagine a multiplicity of 260 different types of instruments to measure one thing —engine speed for jet planes. Answer: redesign to 11 basic types. Mass produce.

• A hundred peanut-sized lamps light jet plane instruments. Once they were tailor-made. Answer: get lamp engineers to figure out automatic machinery to make them.

Enough examples. You guess the whole story except for two things. We wouldn't know how to do this without long experience in making things of utmost accuracy, at least cost. And that we couldn't do without teams of engineers who could come up with answers in metallurgy, electronics, turbines, lighting, measuring instruments, chemistry, and about anything else you can name.

By the inheritance of our past, we try to find economical and technical solutions to problems like these. The result is usually more defense per dollar spent.

Fortunately we have the people with this ability at General Electric. Engineers and scientists are at the center, not the fringe of our business.

You can put your confidence in—

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Good News

▶ In Egypt the movement for women's suffrage has taken a big step forward with the recognition, by the Ministry of Interior, of the Daughters of the Nile as a political party with its own political and social program. . . . In Sweden the number of women in the Swedish Riksdag (Parliament), after the recent general elections, is thirty-three, or nearly one-tenth of the total membership. In the Upper House there are six women among 150 members, and in the Lower House there are twenty-seven women.

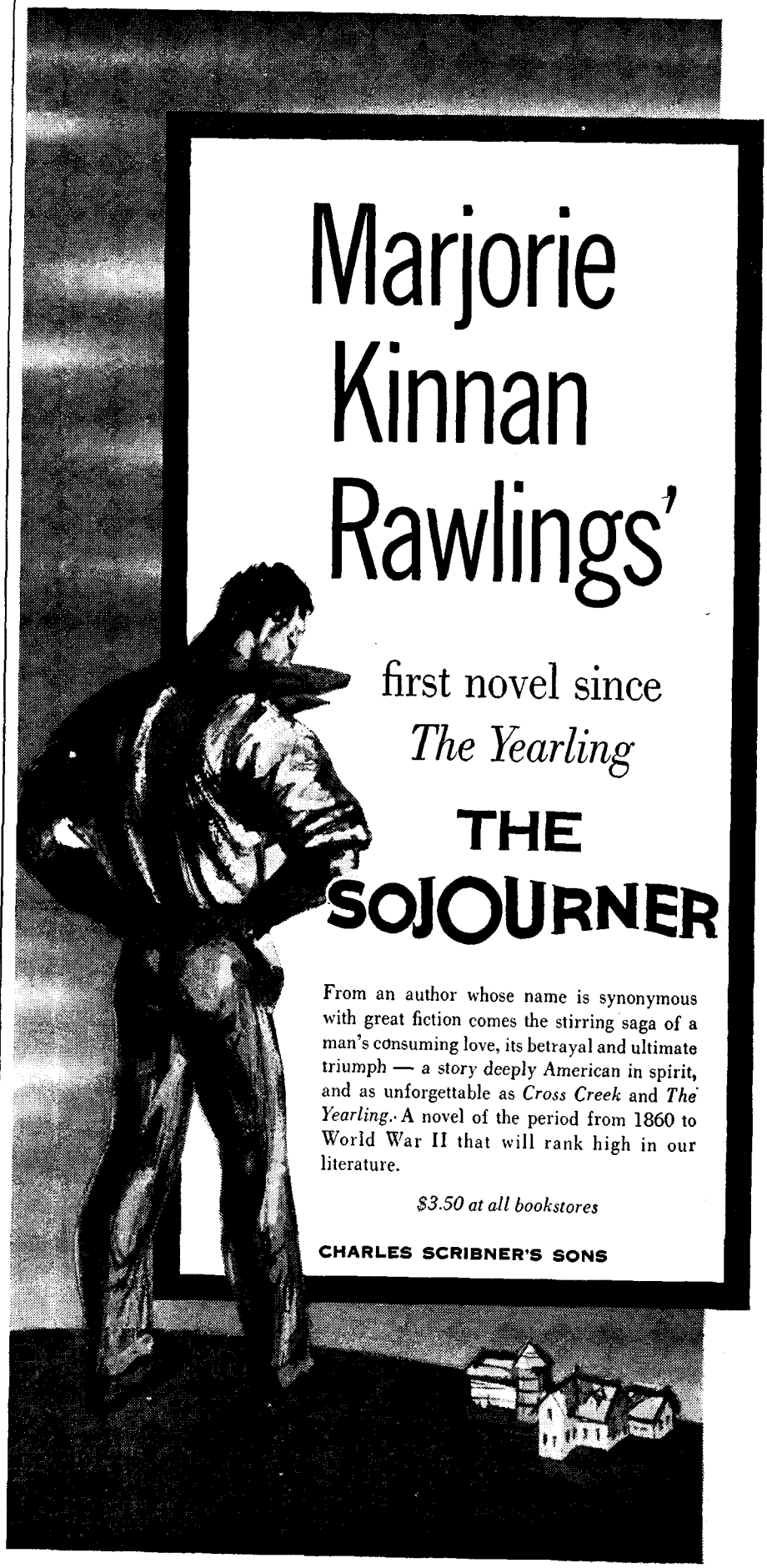
▶ On December 2, the National Conference of Christians and Jews will confer its annual brotherhood award on Actors' Equity Association. The union is being cited for its "gallant and victorious fight against a segregated theater in Washington, D. C." Equity is the first labor union to win the conference's award.

▶ The U. S. Air Force base at Erding, near Munich, Germany, has given the world's "biggest" Christmas party for needy children—14,000 of them. Santa Claus traveled by helicopter to deliver presents to every orphanage and refugee center in Bavaria. Funds for the presents were raised by raffling off return air passages to the United States.

▶ A thousand heifers, donated by American farmers to needy refugees in West Germany from Iron Curtain countries, have arrived in Bremen. No charge was made for the heifers. The only condition was that every farmer receiving one must give his first calf to another needy farmer.

▶ The Government of India has announced that it will award more scholarships in 1953 than ever before to enable foreign students to study in India. The plan, inaugurated in 1949 to promote cultural relations between India and African and Asian countries, has proved so successful that the usual number of scholarships is now being increased to 100.

▶ Plane crashes continue to make headline news. But what headline in what newspaper reported the fact that the scheduled airlines of the United States, for the twelve-month period ended September 30, 1952, had a record of only 0.38 fatalities for each 100,000,000 passenger miles flown? For the period 1946-1951 the record was 1.7. The Flight Safety Foundation deserves much credit for the part it has played in achieving this fine safety record.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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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¶ I have a hunch these cold winter nights are going to be warmed with arguments over Sir Charles Galton Darwin's THE NEXT MILLION YEARS.

¶ Here are a few of the points made by Darwin in his book:

¶ Man is a wild, not a tame animal . . . In the future man will become more clever and less moral, and his regard for human life will lessen . . . The prospect of owning a car is enough to stop most people from having children . . . There will never be a satisfactory world government, and parts of mankind will always live in virtual slavery . . . At present the best way for a man to survive in the U. S. or Britain is to be almost half-witted, completely irresponsible, and spending a lot of time in jail . . . From the point of view of heredity, women are as important as men.

¶ Darwin is a noted British physicist and grandson of his famous namesake. One might expect his book to be highly technical and difficult to follow. Actually, it is eminently readable.

¶ One might also think, from the title, that it would deal with spaceships and other marvels dear to the science-fiction fan. But THE NEXT MILLION YEARS is concerned primarily with the basic facts of human nature and the earth we inhabit.

¶ And, human nature being what it is, I suspect that Sir Charles won't be the most popular inhabitant of this earth when people start chewing his ideas. For, although he doesn't write like a scientist, he does have the scientist's detached point of view, and some of his conclusions are going to make people angry, if only because they are so depressing.

¶ Already those who have read the book, and especially women, have been eager to argue with Sir Charles. If you want to get into the discussions (or if, like me, you just want a good book to be left alone with), take my advice and don't waste a minute of THE NEXT MILLION YEARS before seeing your bookseller.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

¶ THE NEXT MILLION YEARS by Sir Charles Galton Darwin, will be published on January 12 by Doubleday & Co., 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

(Advertisement)

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TRADE Winds

HERE IS what I believe to be a brand-new Cal Coolidge story, and since it comes straight from Herbert Hoover, there is no question about its authenticity:

Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, was alone with Coolidge in the President's study at the White House one evening when a phone began ringing. There were seven or eight phones on the desk and Cal picked up all the wrong ones first. He was reasonably exasperated by the time he happened upon the right one, explaining in an aside, "This is a direct wire from the State Department. Hasn't rung in three years. [EDITOR'S NOTE: Those were the days!] No wonder I didn't recognize the sound of the bell!" Into the phone he rasped, "What on earth are you calling me for at this hour of the night?"

The caller was Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes and he explained, "We've just had word that Queen Marie of Rumania is planning a visit to the United States and I presumed you would want to know about it." Mr. Coolidge had only one comment to make before he hung up. "Hmphh," he mused. "I hope you'll see to it that she pays her own expenses!"

THE FOURTH ANNUAL National Book Awards will be announced on January 27 at New York's Hotel Commodore. Presiding over the ceremonies will be Frederick Lewis Allen, of *Harper's Magazine*. The main speaker will be William O. Douglas, Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. . . . Ed Reid's "Mafia," the sinister story of the underworld's spreading tentacles in America, scooped all the headlines in the New York State Crime Commission hearings by weeks. The book is in its fourth printing, and Reid, a spellbinding speaker, pops up on more radio and TV shows these days than Arthur Godfrey or Arlene Francis. . . . Reid has his headquarters in the same hotel where Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians have been dispensing soft, insinuating dance music for years on end. Some bopsters sneer that Lombardo's rhythms are too syrupy and "corny." To this aging party, however, they've got the current fashions skinned two dozen ways. Anybody care to glide across the floor of the Roosevelt Grill with me while Guy gives out with "Margie" and "I Lost My Heart to You"? . . . Married and radiant: Eleanor Clark, author of "Rome and a Villa," and Robert Penn Warren, author of "All the King's Men" and the forthcoming "Brother to Dragons."

AUTHOR'S WIFE SPEAKING: "Darling, those boring Thompsons are coming for dinner this evening. They never know when to leave. If they aren't out of here by eleven, I want you to start telling the plot of your new book." . . . John Straley reports that the National Association of Gagwriters paid a visit to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but registered disappointment in the masterpieces on exhibition there. "What kind of pictures do you call these?" demanded one of the gag men. "Where are the jokes underneath them?" . . . Upon discovering that Madison Cooper's two-volume novel, "Sironia, Texas," weighs three pounds, six ounces, Richard Armour, of Scripps College, was moved to note:

> We've read of the novel "you can't put down,"
> But now, as we sip our cup,
> We read with alarm and a trace of a frown
> Of a novel you can't pick up!

CHARLES T. DUNCAN, associate professor of journalism at the University of Oregon, writes:

> Dear Mr. Cerf: I admit to knowing nothing about the book-publishing business, so if this question is stupid neither of us needs to feel embarrassed. Simply this:
>
> Why is it that biographical sketches of authors are found usually only on the dust jacket of a book? Why not somewhere in the book itself—back or front?
>
> Often I find it a great inconvenience (as yesterday when I obtained a second-hand, jacketless copy of Ellis Freeman's "Conquering the Man in the Street") to hunt up reliable information on an unfamiliar author.
>
> It seems to me this need is so obvious that there must be a good reason—equally obvious—for the practice of omitting biographical material from the permanent pages. Could you tell me?

I'm darned if I know an adequate answer to Professor Duncan's query

NOTES from CALIFORNIA

"Anything is possible in California," wrote the *Times*' reviewer of Charles L. Camp's **Earth Song** ($5.00), a semipopular book about prehistory. Some readers, we find, are enthusiastic about the poetic interludes scattered among the chapters: Record of the Rocks, Song of Salamanders, Song of Reptiles. Others choke on them, implying that a professor should stick to his footnotes. Anyway we have set them off in italic type, so the reader may take his choice. The book is slightly wider than high in order to accommodate the drawings of mastodonts, saber-toothed tigers, and the like.

To a resident of Charleston or Cape Cod there can be nothing very old in California—but that, too, is possible. A sense of the past may come more quickly than one thinks, since it is engendered by a changed way of life and not by the mere passage of time. Marion Randall Parsons, who is both writer and artist of **Old California Houses: Portraits and Stories** ($3.75) does not confine herself to buildings marked for preservation by the historical societies. "Time and again," she says, "some shabby old structure, hidden on a narrow city street, at the end of a country lane, on an abandoned farm, or crowning a hill in a mining camp, transformed itself into a symbol of a life and a land familiar to me in childhood and now fast disappearing." The 17 paintings, with their strong light and dark effects and their bold perspectives, have a ghostly quality, reminding us that there was more than sunshine and gold in California's past.

Of the several ways to the old West, before the railroads were built, the overland route has been glorified as a symbol of personal courage and private initiative. In this Republican era, untimely as only a university press can be, we offer a book on the role of the federal government in Western transportation. **Wagon Roads West** ($5.00), by W. Turrentine Jackson, shows the dominant role of the government in exploration, in road survey and construction, and even in subsidizing freight and mail companies. It is a solid, scholarly work, backed up by useful notes and a bibliography.

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" . . . highly dramatic and fascinating."

LINCOLN and GREELEY

BY HARLAN H. HORNER

"In Civil War days there was Lincoln, the wise and patient leader, and there was Greeley, the irrepressible editor. In Mr. Horner's interesting pages these notable men, so different and so often in disagreement, confront each other. The result is *highly dramatic and fascinating.*"—J. G. Randall.

Abraham Lincoln and Horace Greeley were not friends — in fact, they were never far from becoming enemies. But their backgrounds, careers, ideals, and unswerving devotion to their country were amazingly similar.

Harlan Horner, a leading Lincoln and Greeley collector for more than a quarter of a century, has here written the first thorough examination into the dramatic and fiery encounters between these two great American contemporaries.

A January selection of the American History Publication Society.

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and don't miss reading these:

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by Howard Mumford Jones —

Wittily deploring "the dead weight of conformity that now lies upon us," a great critic examines the Poet, the Artist, and the Radical as reflected in American literature of the 20's, with special reference to the works of Fitzgerald and Cather. $2.50

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by Florian Znaniecki —

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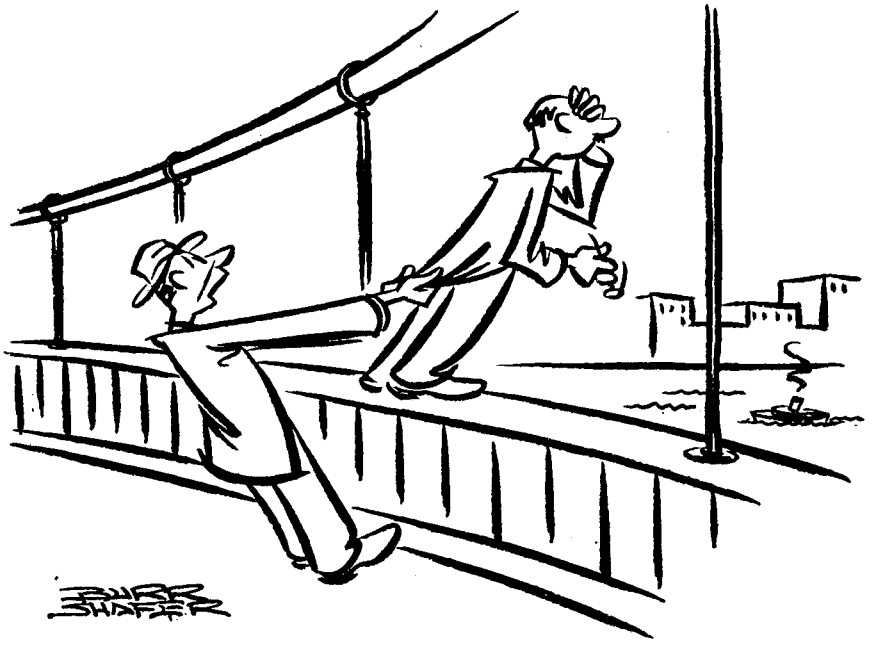

"Remember your obligations, man—the five book-club selections you promised to buy."

myself. Possibly other TRADE WINDS readers would like to express opinions on the subject? Incidentally, I recall my visit to the U. of Oregon campus in Eugene as one of the highlights of my Pacific Coast trip in 1951.

ANOTHER PRACTICE hard-pressed publishers find they must defend is the way they package their products. Clifton Fadiman, uncommonly impatient to be in his easy chair reading, a pipe and wife, Annalee, well within reach, grumbles in his regular monthly stint for *Holiday*: "Books used to come wrapped in a piece of paper tied up with a piece of cord. In no time you could be reading the book. Today they arrive in cardboard iron maidens, suitable to the transportation of safes or pianos without any visible weak point. Or they come swaddled in thick bags stapled at one end. The ingenious company that manufactures these bags cites their virtues: they are protective, time and labor saving, economical, space saving, simple, and clean. Possibly. But they are not openable, which is the one thing a package should be. Sometimes you can undo the staples without much loss of blood but, if you make the slightest wrong move, you tear the bag. Out flies a bushel of ancient furry shredded gray paper, the perfect stand-in for mouse-dirt. This distributes itself impartially over floors, walls, and your throat and nasal passages."

ANNA LEONOWENS'S "A Governess at the Court of Siam" is the book that eventually landed, with a generous assist from Margaret Landon, at the St. James Theatre as "The King and I." Hoping that lightning may strike twice (and the title certainly will prove no drawback) Dutton's now plan to revive Miss Leonowens's "Siamese Harem Life," which first saw the light of day in England in 1873. . . . Current stage hits available in book form very soon: "Dial M for Murder," "The Time of the Cuckoo," "Bernardine," "The Seven Year Itch," and "The Deep Blue Sea." . . . Daniel Blum's pictorial record, "Great Stars of the American Stage," contains 150 profiles of stage greats from Maude Adams to Shirley Booth, and David Warfield to Jose Ferrer. A valuable reference book.

VIRGINIA SMITH, owner of the flourishing Palm Springs Book Shop, has entered the holy state of matrimony and longs to go vagabonding around the world. A satisfactory cash offer will get you an established bookstore in a lush winter vacation paradise that boasts no fewer than 600 private swimming pools. . . . Rates at one Palm Springs hostelry have reached such a pinnacle, declares Edie Goetz, that when she asked for a forty-dollar suite they handed her a Hershey bar.

RANDOM HOUSE is readying the definitive edition of Adlai Stevenson's major campaign speeches with a long personal introduction by Governor Stevenson. The Governor has given no hint of what he proposes to say in this introduction, but the publishers are praying that besides his afterthoughts on the 1952 campaign it will contain suggestions for streamlining the whole cumbersome and

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outworn machinery by which we now first nominate, then go about electing a new President and Vice President every four years. After three months of ten to twenty speeches a day it's a wonder that any candidate is still alive, let alone ready to tackle the tremendous tasks that lie ahead of a successful nominee. At any rate, the Stevenson volume will be published April 1, and the demand is already enormous.

SIMON & SCHUSTER are preparing to shoot the works (and when those boys get on the warpath they're not kidding) over a Rabelaisian novel called "Zorba the Greek," also due in April. The author, an Athenian, boasts the jaw-breaking moniker of Nikos Kazantzaki, and the book is endorsed enthusiastically by no less a duo than Dr. Albert Schweitzer and Thomas Mann. . . . Howard S. Cady is the new editor-in-chief of Little, Brown. . . . Tallullah's autobiography gets an unusual publicity break (as though it needed one!) in Bette Davis's new revue, "Two's Company." The blackout of one sketch shows a dozen members of the cast diligently perusing Tallu's book while her arch-rival Bette presumably is emoting on the other side of the footlights.

—BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 499

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 499 will be found in the next issue.

NFOGAB LOCDFM, HUDF ATF

CGP UP FEHUSCF, ROATFXC

AYRFATFX LYXF ROKFXC

ATOP UW UA CTUPFM YGA.

Z. ZBETFXHFB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 498

Doubts and jealousies often beget the facts they fear.

—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

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says **FRANKLIN D. MURPHY**
Chancellor, University of Kansas

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★ ★ ★

In January Reader's Digest, you'll be interested in *The Way It Is in Korea*—James Michener reports the facts of war in Korea today; *24-page book condensation: People of the Deer*—Farley Mowat's experiences in the Arctic with a lost tribe of Eskimos; *More Work With Less Fatigue*—facts from experts to help you accomplish more, tire yourself less.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: In this issue *SR* introduces a series of articles assessing the temper of taste in America today. They will appear irregularly every few weeks during the first half of 1953. This week's article by Joseph Wood Krutch serves as introduction to the series by asking if the Age of the Common Man is an unadulterated boon. Although the airwaves are jammed with radio and television signals, the mails with magazines and newspapers spewed forth from high-speed printing presses, the bookracks in drugstores with a multitude of paper-bound reprints, there is a growing dissatisfaction with the intellectual quality of what is purveyed. Can it be that for all our astonishing apparatus of communication we are lagging far behind our intellectual potentialities as a people? This series of articles will attempt to answer this in terms of modern American society.

Is Our Common Man Too Common?

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Joseph W. Krutch

THE Age of the Common Man is not merely a phrase; it is also a fact. Already we are definitely entered upon it, and in all probability it is destined to continue for a long time to come, intensifying its characteristics as it develops in some of the directions which it has already begun to take.

Most people welcome the fact, but we have only begun to assess it or even to ask ourselves what choices are still open to us once the grand decision has been made, as by now it has. How common does the common man need to be? Does his dominance necessarily mean that the uncommon man will cease to be tolerated or that the world will become less suited to his needs, less favorable to the development of his talents, than it now is? Will excellence be looked upon as in itself unworthy or "undemocratic"? Can we have an Age of the Common Man without making it an Age of the Common Denominator? Do any dangers lie ahead?

One way to approach these questions is, of course, to ask what has happened already, what changes in attitudes have demonstrably taken place, how the culture of the first era of the Age of the Common Man differs from that which preceded it. What, in other words, is the culture of present-day America like, and are there aspects of it, directly traceable to the emphasis on the common man and his tastes, which are not wholly reassuring? And if there are, then to what extent are the defects corrigible, to what extent are they necessary consequences of the premises we have already accepted?

Unfortunately, but not surprisingly, there is no general agreement concerning the real nature of the situation at the present moment, though it does seem clear enough that most Americans judge both the present and the future a good deal more favorably than many observers from the Old World do.

Thus, in his recent book "The Big Change," Frederick Lewis Allen summed up very cogently the case for contemporary American culture. Hundreds of thousands read the selections of the book clubs; hundreds of thousands more attend concerts of serious music; millions listen to debates, symphonies, and operas on the radio. Never before in the history of the world has so large a proportion of any population been so interested in and so alert to intellectual and artistic activities. Ours is the most cultured nation which ever existed.

Compare this with any one of the typical fulminations which proceed at regular intervals from European commentators and the result is both astonishing and disturbing. In Europe the prevalent opinion seems to be that this same civilization of ours constitutes a serious threat to the very existence of anything which can properly be called a culture.

WE are told, in the first place, that for every American who does read the Book of the Month and attend a symphony concert there are a dozen who live in a vulgar dream-world induced by a perpetual diet of soap operas, comic books, torch songs, and "B" movies. Moreover, the material prosperity and political power of this majority of sick barbarians enable them to become, as no cultural proletariat ever was before, a threat to every civilized minority. They rule the roost, and they are becoming less and less tolerant of anyone or anything superior to them.

In the second place—and perhaps even more importantly—the culture of even the minority is described as largely an imitation. It consumes but does not produce art. The best of the books it reads and the music it listens to is imported. Its members are really only parasites feeding upon European culture, and their sterility will in time kill it completely. Even their power to "appreciate" is essentially shallow—the result of superficial education,

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propaganda, advertisement, and a general pro-cultural hoop-la, all of which produce something very different indeed from that deep, personal, demanding passion for Truth and Beauty which has always been the dynamic force in the production of any genuine culture.

Now it is easy enough to dismiss this European view as merely the product of ignorance, prejudice, and envy. But it is dangerous to do so. To look candidly at the two pictures is to perceive something recognizable in both of them. Nobody really knows what the American phenomenon means or what it portends. And the reason is that it is actually something genuinely new. Whether you call it the Dawn of the First Democratic Culture or call it the Triumph of Mediocrity, the fact remains that there is no obvious parallel in human history. Mr. Allen and those who agree with him are obviously right as far as they go. But the unique phenomenon which they describe can stand further analysis.

A college education for everybody and two cars in every garage are ideals not wholly unrelated. An even closer analogy can be drawn with the earlier, more modest ideal of universal literacy. America was the first country to teach nearly everybody to read. Whether we are quite aware of it or not, we are now embarked upon the pursuit of what is really an extention of the same ideal, namely, a minimum cultural literacy for all. There is a vast difference between being barely able to spell out a newspaper and being able to read in the full sense of what the term implies. There is a similar and probably no greater difference between, say, being able to get something out of the movie "The Great Caruso" or the latest volume dispatched to the members of a book club by editors who have trained themselves to understand the limitations of their average subscriber, and a genuine grasp of either music or literature. The term "literacy" covers a large area whether we are using it in its limited sense or extending it to include what I have called "cultural literacy." A few generations ago we pointed with pride to the fact that most Americans "could read"; we now point with pride to the fact that an astonishing proportion of them "read serious books" or "listen to serious music," and in both cases we take satisfaction in a mass capacity which exists only if we define it in minimum terms. In neither case does the phenomenon mean quite as much as those who celebrate it most enthusiastically sometimes seem to assume.

BUT, what, one may ask, is either disturbing or surprising about that? The minimum remains something more than any people as a whole ever before achieved. Is it likely that fewer people will read well just because a larger number can read a little? Is not, indeed, the opposite likely to be true? Is anything but good likely to come from the establishment of a broad base of even a minimum cultural literacy?

—*Ewing Galloway.*

Full house in Hollywood Bowl—"a minimum cultural literacy for all."

Any hesitation in answering "no" to the last question might seem at first sight to spring inevitably from nothing except arrogance, snobbishness, and a desire to preserve the privileges of an aristocracy. Yet a good many Europeans and an occasional American do seem inclined to take the negative position. The wide spread of our minimum culture does seem to them to constitute some sort of threat.

At least one fact or alleged fact they can cite as possible evidence on their side of the argument. So far, the number of recognized masterpieces produced by native-born Americans does seem disappointingly small when compared with the number of literate citizens we have produced. Is that because American art is inadequately recognized, or because we just haven't had time yet to mature? Or is it, perhaps, somehow connected—as some would say it is—with mass culture itself. Is the Good always the friend of the Best or is it sometimes and somehow the enemy? Is Excellence more likely to lose out to Mediocrity than it is to mere Ignorance or Nullity?

The line being taken in Europe today has a good deal in common with that of the American intellectual of the Twenties. To some extent indeed it may have been learned from our post-World War I intellectuals; the disdainful European conception of American society is a good deal like Mencken's Boobocracy. At the present moment, however, the current of opinion at home is running in the opposite direction, and it is no longer unusual for the confessed intellectual to defend the culture which his predecessor of a generation ago despised and rejected. But complacency has its dangers too, and it may be worth while to examine a little further what can be said in support of the European's thesis.

This, he hears us say, is the Age of the Common Man. But we as well as he are not quite certain what we mean by that. In so far as we mean only the age of universal opportunity, what was once called simply "the career open to talents," nothing but good could seem to come of it. But many people do, sometimes without being entirely aware of it, mean something more. When we make ourselves the champion of any particular group we almost inevitably begin to idealize that group. From defending the common man we pass on to exalting him, and we find ourselves beginning to imply, not merely that he is as good as anybody else, but that he is actually better. Instead of demanding only that the common man be given an opportunity to become as uncommon as

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Superman & the Blacking Works

DELANCEY FERGUSON

THAT blessed word "definitive" has been blunted by over-use. Besides, the only really definitive biography is one whose subject no longer interests the living; great art and its makers must constantly be re-interpreted. Let us say merely that in "Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph"* Edgar Johnson has written the completest and most objective life of Dickens which has yet appeared. John Forster's official biography, published seventy-five years ago, is at long last superseded. Here are all Forster's facts, plus the facts which Forster suppressed, plus the perspective on Dickens as thinker and artist which the years have given.

Biographers since Forster have been handicapped by the inaccessibility of much of the material available to Forster, and intimidated by the sheer bulk of what they could reach. The twenty-three volumes of the Nonesuch edition of Dickens's letters, for instance, contain more than a million words, and even so give many of the letters in Forster's discreetly expurgated texts. Mr. Johnson has examined 3,500 unpublished documents, in addition to mastering all the printed sources, and has not been afraid to follow his facts wherever they led. The Dickens who emerges from these pages is not the saint of his early idolaters, but he is a completer man.

Among the facts suppressed by Forster the chief, of course, is the story of Dickens's relations with Ellen Ternan following his estrangement from his wife. Sexual misconduct by Richard Wagner, and even by William Wordsworth, has long been accepted without heat by their admirers, but among the epithets applied to recent students who have faced similar conduct by Charles Dickens are "ghoul," "peeping Tom," and "scandalmonger." Hence it is an interesting coincidence that Ada Nisbet's little volume, "Dickens and Ellen Ternan,"** appears simultaneously with Mr. Johnson's big ones. In the course of gathering material for a book on Dickens and America, Miss Nisbet has read many unpublished documents, including a number referring to Ellen Ternan; she prints these for the enlightenment of such Dickensians as have been dealing in the epithets just quoted. Meanwhile, Mr. Johnson had independently studied these same documents. Both scholars come to identical conclusions, and neither attempts to go beyond the evidence into the realm of juicy conjecture. But their evidence settles the matter.

On the face of it, it appears that Dickens did not begin an actual liaison with Ellen Ternan until after his final break with his wife. This is not to deny that Catherine Dickens may have been jealous of Ellen in advance, as she had been jealous of other women on whom her husband had developed transitory or lasting crushes. But documents from Dickens's own hand leave no doubt of the situation after the estrangement. On his return from a trip to Paris in 1865, Ellen was sharing his compartment when the Folkestone boat-train was wrecked at Staplehurst. When he made his reading tour of America in 1867, he actually thought seriously of having Ellen join him here. He was to cable his assistant, W. H. Wills, on arrival in the States, and Wills was to forward the message to Ellen. And in his diary he carefully noted the key to the code: "all well" means "you come"; "safe and well" means "you don't come." Part of the instructions to Wills was later inked over, but has been recovered by infra-red photography. Ellen Ternan's place in Dickens's life is established past question; being established, it allows us to turn to more important matters.

SO FAR as Dickens's character is concerned, Mr. Johnson's new material for the most part corroborates biographies like those by Ralph Straus and Una Pope-Hennesy. This is the Dickens whom we have met before, the man of steely will-power and that terrible energy, nervous and muscular, which kept his friends and family breathless and which finally burned him out at fifty-eight. Across his life lay always three shadows: the blacking factory, the Marshalsea Prison, and Maria Beadnell. His father's

THE AUTHOR: For Edgar Johnson, an encyclopedic, industrious gentleman of fifty-one, 1953 started off with a bang. January 1 brought him a full professorship, after twenty-six years in the English department at City College, N. Y. And just the other day—on the ninth, to be exact—his "Charles Dickens," the Book-of-the-Month for January, appeared. " 'Dickens,' " Johnson said the other morning at the college—just after he had dismissed his ten o'clock class on "The Romantic Poets"—"was inevitable." What he meant by that, it turned out, was that his own writing and teaching over the past fifteen years had revolved chiefly around biography and satire. "When, in 1937, my book on biography, 'One Mighty Torrent,' came out," he recalled, "the idea got stuck in my mind that one day I'd like to tackle a biography of my own. Eight years later, when 'A Treasury of Satire' appeared, the idea really began to throb. The one man who had always interested me as a comic and satiric writer—also, as a great critical force in the nineteenth century—was Dickens. So, there it was—a biographical and satirical mind flowing into one." Johnson, his mind made up, promptly undertook a great deal of Dickensian archeology. For one thing, he made an expedition to England in 1946 to retrace the life of Dickens in such places as Kent and Rochester. The job of shadowing Dickens a century late required four months. For another, being a man with whom thoroughness is a *sine qua non*, a phrase which he's fond of, Johnson excavated a cache of Dickens letters that had gone unread for years. Once, he was forced to dash through about seven hundred such letters in a backroom of the Parke Bernet Galleries in New York while, out front, plans were being made to auction them off. Johnson read the lot before the gavel banged out the sale. Anyway, after being closeted with Dickens for seven years, Johnson is now at large—"in a happy vacuum." He'll be back in harness shortly, however, editing "The Laughing Philosophers," a history of the comic spirit. —BERNARD KALB.

*CHARLES DICKENS: His Tragedy and Triumph. By Edgar Johnson. New York: Simon & Schuster. Two Vols., 1158 pp. $10.

**DICKENS AND ELLEN TERNAN. By Ada Nesbit. Berkeley: University of California Press. 89 pp. $2.75.

***THE HEART OF CHARLES DICKENS: As Revealed in His Letters to Angela Burdett-Coutts. Selected and Edited by Edgar Johnson from the collection in the Pierpont Morgan Library. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 415 pp. $6.

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slackness and chronic insolvency had meant the prison for the father and the factory for the son; the will-power which made Charles Dickens first a successful shorthand reporter and next a successful novelist was first spurred by a determination never to suffer as a man what his father's folly had made him suffer as a child. If further good were needed, it was provided by the need of making himself an acceptable suitor of the empty-headed Maria Beadnell.

Never again could Dickens tell all his heart, give all himself. "He yearned for tenderness and yet trembled away from it as a net in which he might be entangled. It was the same fear that later made him repress the manifestations of his love even for his children, except when they were very young." But the soft spot, the tragic flaw, remained—that fatal tendency to be fascinated by female silliness. He had bared his heart before Maria Beadnell, and she had trampled on it. He was cured of baring his heart, but not of admiring women like Maria. He could respect intelligent women; he could toil long hours in charitable partnership with them, as his letters in Mr. Johnson's new collection, "The Heart of Charles Dickens,"*** show him toiling with Angela Burdett-Coutts; but seemingly he could not love them. Catherine Hogarth, whom he married, was passively incompetent, rather than an active coquette; intellectually, though, she was Maria's peer. And from then to the end, Dickens did not alter. In mid-career he fell for Christiana Weller, and—perhaps to remove temptation—encouraged one of his best friends to marry her; later, he realized that she had "a devil of a whimpering, pouting temper." Ellen Ternan, last of them all, may have been of the same breed. The women's side of Dickens's life has yet to be written.

But if Mr. Johnson's picture of Dickens's character mainly presents in sharper focus what we already knew in outline, his interpretation of the novels is the fullest attempt yet made to trace the development of Dickens's thought and art. It will not be the final interpretation: with so rich and varied a writer as Dickens, the range of interpretation is almost limitless. Mr. Johnson has chosen the currently popular approach of "social consciousness"; he views Dickens primarily as humanitarian reformer and social critic.

FROM first to last, Dickens championed the individual against the selfishness and stupidity of institutions. The pattern runs clear from Mr. Bumble in the workhouse to Mr. Sapsea in the Cloisterham of Edwin Drood.

—*Culver.*

Mr. Pecksniff of "Martin Chuzzlewit"—"Dickens championed the individual."

And "by the time he had reached the middle of his career he understood capitalist industrialism at least as well as most nineteenth-century political economists. He understood it with unwavering hostility."

From the grotesque Cheeryble brothers onward, Mr. Johnson traces the growth of that hostility. In his analysis, "Hard Times" is no isolated outburst, but merely one clause in the indictment of Victorian society—an indictment which culminates in "Little Dorrit" and "Our Mutual Friend." In the former, even the corruption of the Circumlocution Office is eclipsed, as a symbol of society, by Merdle, the fraudulent promoter who foreshadows tycoons like Ivar Kreuger and Samuel Insull. In the latter, the wealth which motivates the action derives from a garbage-dump. But, though Bernard Shaw called "Dorrit" a more seditious book than "Das Kapital," Dickens was no believer in economic determinism. Even in his darkest books he never lost faith in the individual and in the individual's power to remold society. And like his pupil Shaw, his method "was to find the right things to say and then say them with the utmost exaggeration and levity. . . . He fought foolishness and evil by exaggerating their excesses. . . . In a passion of glorious violence he defended the golden mean."

In all this, Dickens displayed the very reverse of that subservience to popularity which some critics have accused him of. "He would consider anxiously how to make his readers receptive to what he wanted to say; he would not consider saying only what they wanted to hear." He "knew that his position depended on his readers, who could not be argued or battered into liking what they did not like. Though he was not afraid to assert

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views to which they might be opposed, he worked assiduously to provide a kind of writing that they would enjoy. . . . The verdict that he might resent from a reviewer he accepted from the beating of his readers' hearts." Thus, *Household Words* under his editorship "represented an uncompromising humanitarian radicalism in almost every field," but as a canny editor he saw to it that all the articles were readable, and that the crusades never overshadowed the other contents.

But if Mr. Johnson's interpretation in these respects represents current standards, in others it shows the wheel coming full circle. Mr. Johnson, for instance, defends the close-knit plots of the later novels: "If there is a danger of Dickens's intricate structures seeming contrived and overmelodramatic, with their missing documents and hidden sins rising out of the past, there is also a strength in tightness and intensity of develpoment." The central symbolism of the fog of Chancery in "Bleak House," of society as a prison in "Little Dorrit," is immeasurably heightened by the interrelations of the crowds of characters. One may even end by suspecting that the moderns who scorn plot may do so for the reason that tone-deaf people scorn music.

Mr. Johnson, however, goes further yet. He not only defends Dickens's plots, he defends his sentiment. "Though much has been said about Victorian restraint, emotionally it is we who are restrained, not they. Large bodies of modern readers, especially those called 'sophisticated,' distrust any uncurbed yielding to emotion. Above all, when the emotion is noble, heroic, or tender, they wince. . . . This fear of sentiment, however, is far less deeply rooted in human feelings than the sentiment of the Victorians. Our response is the deviation and theirs approaches closer to the norm." Merely because Dickens's imitators exaggerated his weaknesses—since, like all imitators, they could not copy his genius—we should not be blind to the fact that "The Old Curiosity Shop," for instance, when it first appeared, "touched chords of feeling of which people were not ashamed." Francis Jeffrey was no sissy, but he wept over Little Nell and was not afraid to say so. Perhaps it is the people who are unmoved by the death of innocence who should be ashamed. At any rate, Mr. Johnson has done more than show what Dickens has to say to a socially conscious generation. He has also shown why he has never ceased to be read by people who know nothing of critical theory, but who know a good story when they find it. In other words, he tells the highbrows what plain folk knew all along.

Wiles & Words

THE DAYS BEFORE. By Katherine Anne Porter. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 273 pp. $4.

By Robert E. Spiller

ANY writer who lives long enough and who contributes to the magazines will sooner or later have an extra book by way of dividend. Most such books are never published because they are thought to be insufficiently unified or interesting to attract an audience of enough size to cover production costs plus overhead. Only in cases where the writer is unusually unified and interesting as a personality and a point of view can the experiment succeed.

It is wholly successful in this case because Katherine Anne Porter is such a personality and has such a point of view. "The Days Before" might all have been written within a six-month (although the essays are dated from 1921 to 1952), and it has as much unity as Thoreau's "Walden" (for the same reason). To tell a woman that she has not essentially changed in thirty years is a reasonably safe masculine venture, and to tell her that she has a wise, sane, delightful, original, and wholly feminine point of view is probably not to insult her. Miss Porter has gathered here a lifetime of familiar essays and book reviews on life, books, authors, people, flowers, love, heroism; but mostly about the art of writing. As one of the finer artists of our time, every word she says on these topics is worth listening to.

More than half of the essays, including those classified as "critical," are commentaries on the personalities and the art of those writers of her own time and earlier from whom she learned and with whom she shared. She is not critical in the ordinary sense for, in spite of her own exquisite and consecrated craftsmanship, she never in others separates the art from the artist. The essays on Henry James and the Mexican Lizárdi are chronicles of childhood and young manhood, for "I have not much interest," she tells us, "in anyone's personal history after the tenth year, not even my own." Like most women, she seems to think that a person is finally shaped at that age, but, unlike most modern critics, she seems to argue further that as the person goes, the writing goes.

Which is not to say that Miss Porter has no theory of art. She is willing at least to classify authors under the two headings: the Whitman-minded and the James-minded, and to list herself in the latter category. Many of her generation, she tells us "were educated . . . by five writers: Henry James, James Joyce, W. B. Yeats, T. S. Eliot, and Ezra Pound." This education was not only a matter of training in craftsmanship; it was a consecration to art because art is more than life. She turns, with her masters, to the arts because "they live literally by faith, . . . they outlive governments and creeds and societies, even the civilizations that produced them. They cannot be destoyed altogether because they represent the substance of faith and the only reality." Her answer to seven questions about writing, put to her in 1939, are as clear a statement of the position of the American writer today as one could find. "I hope we may have balance enough to see ourselves plainly," she concludes, "since this is America, and we are Americans, and our history is not altogether disgraceful."

It would be pleasant to quote similar wisdom on the subjects of rose-growing; the young woman who learned to love her husband by realizing that it was all right to hate him on occasion; the old house that she, like the forgotten Mr. Blanding, bought and restored only to move out of; and her servants in Mexico. One could wish for more about her own first ten years and the Texas in which they were spent, but she is of the economical school of writers and she is chary of giving away the really personal confidences. But if you would like to meet the author of "Flowering Judas" and of all too few other stories that are short or slightly longer, and to discuss eternal and vital matters over the teacups or through the cocktail hour, the experience will cost you exactly the price of this volume, plus a dozen hours away from your own sordid personality and point of view.

Robert E. Spiller is professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania. He is one of the editors of the "Literary History of the United States."

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A Troubled & Uncomfortable Life

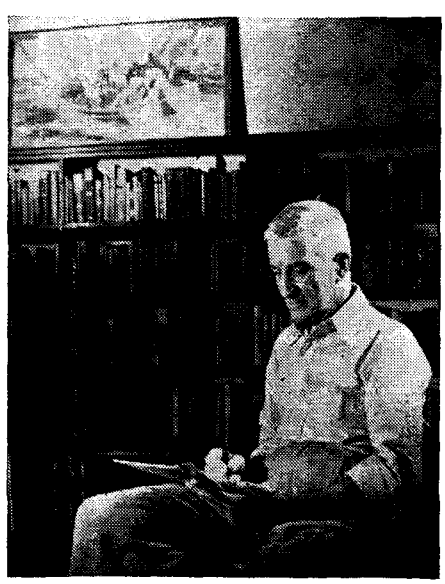
MY ISLAND HOME. By James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 374 pp. $4.

By Robert Payne

IN nearly all of James Norman Hall's work we are faced with a curious remoteness, a sense of incompleteness and an almost terrifying mask. Somehow, somewhere, something had gone wrong. He was the expatriate *in excelsis*, the man of great gifts who never succeeded in using them to the full, wandering from Iceland to Tahiti in search of the terrestial paradise; but paradise never came up to his expectations, and his own gifts mocked him. His best work lies in the short stories collected posthumously this year under the title "The Forgotten One," where he describes in sharp, integral portraits the lives of those uncanny beachcombers who made their way to the islands of the South Seas, went mad, and died, having been blinded by the sun-glare, happy to die because they were weary of the misery of their loneliness among the islands. In "The Forgotten One" the characters stand out against the sun. In "My Island Home" the sunlight is only rarely allowed to enter in.

Hall's autobiography gives every appearance of having been written against the grain, without caring. He had escaped to Tahiti to forget himself, and it must have seemed the highest indecency to resurrect the ghosts of the past. They were not friendly ghosts. His childhood suffered from the awful emptiness of so many Midwestern childhoods. He wrote poetry, most of it incredibly bad, in the secrecy of the woodshed, and forever afterwards he regarded himself as "the woodshed poet." He wanted excitement, but the only excitement he knew was to run away from school when he heard the train whistling round a curve, and then he would hurry to the railway station, huddle against the stove and listen in a transport of delight to the train as it came shuddering past. For the rest there was the woodshed, bread-baking, the smell of snow-wet mittens drying on the nickeled top of a hard-coal stove, the long winters when the railways spurs were so deeply covered in snow that the miners could not go to work, and the long agony of working in a store. It was a life of poverty and undeclared rebellion, with no way out, and he writes of these days with no particular affection, and no horror either. In the end, when he could bear it no longer, a few days after being offered a job in a large clothing store, he made his way to Grinnell College with enough money for tuition and only a few dollars for living expenses. He had a feeling that he might be able to escape through poetry—by reading all the poetry in the world.

While peeling potatoes for a living, he came under the influence of Matthew Arnold. The remarkable eye of Professor Charles Payne sought him out, and it was explained that Arnold's bad lines were as bad as bad lines can be. Hall was not so sure. The attempt to wean him from too great an addiction to Arnold's world-weary romanticism failed; Arnold's influence remained—it is in the rhythms of his sentences and in the modulations of his mind to the end. Thoreau, Whitman, a host of other influences worked on him, but none bit so deep into his soul. When Hall left college he became of all things a social worker in the Boston branch of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He was sent to investigate the slums, the quarreling parents, the undernourished children. He tells the story of Mrs. Moriarty whose husband had left her with three healthy, hungry boys to support. Every night she scrubbed the floors of the courthouse to earn a living, and when she returned to her slum, all the slum-dwellers were up in arms against her for neglecting her children. Worse still, they accused her of having an affair with an Italian image-vendor. Hall tells the story wonderfully well.



J. N. Hall—"man against darkness."

Mrs. Moriarty, full-blooded, Irish, standing at the head of the stairs with her arms akimbo, rejoicing even when her arch-enemy cuts the strings of her own washing lines and deposits the washing on the muddy courtyard below, is of the stuff of legend, the most living of all his remembered characters. It is as though for a brief interval a gust of warm human sympathy came from his heart. Afterwards there is only heartache, the long loneliness which led him by a circuitous route to Tahiti.

Talking one day to Professor Charles Payne, Hall explained that he had discovered in himself a complete lack of social consciousness. He had decided to give up social work and become a sheepherder in Montana. He wanted loneliness, quiet, a woodshed where he could write his appalling poetry. In the end he decided to become a writer, and collected enough money to spend some months in England, promising himself the keen enjoyment of a visit to Conrad, but when he reached Conrad's door a fit of diffidence seized him; he turned and fled. The war came just in time. He joined Kitchener's Army, though he had no experience of soldiering and no liking for it. His loneliness vanished, and at the bloody battles of Loos he discovered the comradeship he had wanted all his life. There was comradeship of a kind later, when he joined the Lafayette Escadrille, but the warmth had left him, and he tells the stories of his air-battles as though they had happened to someone else, in another country and at another time. When he met Charles Nordhoff in Paris, he took an instant dislike to him. Though they became close friends, Hall makes it clear that he was never entirely at ease with Nordhoff during the years of their association. Rich, impudent, lazy, with a bright Californian cynicism and a fine cutting-edge to his mind, Nordhoff was all that Hall was not. He had the aristocrat's temper and the aristocrat's disdain for trifles, and when Hall kept harking back to his Iowa childhood, Nordhoff was out of patience. Once, in a surprising dialogue, Hall calls Nordhoff "father," and perhaps he found in Nordhoff the father he had hardly known in life. Yet we are never quite sure. The springs are murky. There seems to have been a thorn in the flesh, and as you read the book you are conscious of a man battling against darkness, but without the strength to light a lightning-bolt. He might have become another Melville. Instead he will be remembered as one of the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty," and this is a pity.

Robert Payne has written fiction, political comment, and biographies.

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Millionaire Mission

THE SHAPE OF SUNDAY: An Intimate Biography of Lloyd C. Douglas. By Virginia Douglas Dawson and Betty Douglas Wilson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 372 pp. $3.50.

By Carl Bode

DURING the last twenty-odd years Lloyd Douglas was our most prominent—almost our only—practitioner of an extremely disreputable literary form, the didactic novel. Critics clearly prefer pleasure to instruction from our novelists, and this is all the more true if the instruction is badly handled. Since Douglas was guilty on both counts, it is no surprise that the critics mauled him. From a belletristic point of view he has, in fact, no significance for us; from a social point of view he does.

The lasting importance of his best-sellers will lie in the way they help to explain some of the needs and cravings of the American public in the 1930's and '40's. His books managed to satisfy these, as they changed, almost by accident. It took the coming of the Great Depression to make his first novel sell its hundreds of thousands of copies. Its message, jauntily delivered and cheaply embellished, was that if you did good to someone and did not let it be known, you thereupon acquired a thing called "personal power." Your personality would become radiant and all sorts of rewards would be yours. That was what Douglas preached in "Magnificent Obsession" and his eight succeeding novels of the Depression period. But with the onset of World War II he abandoned the naive materialism of his original message and in "The Robe" wrote a novel with the Crucifixion as its center. The hero and heroine of "The Robe" choose to die a martyr's death; the rewards are no longer of this world but the next. In "The Big Fisherman," his final novel, Douglas's preachment was "Give up your worldly goods and follow Christ." Both books sold even more remarkably than the ones written before.

"The Robe" and "The Big Fisherman" matched the altered temper of the times. One of the questions that confronts a student of a culture like ours is just how an enormously popular writer such as Douglas manages to win his mass market, and keep it. Certainly the war affected him as it did most of us. But his daughters' biography shows plainly that Douglas's personal life played an important role in reshaping what he had to say. The authors give a picture of a devoted, closely-knit family which found the material rewards of writing best-sellers rich but later discovered that they counted little when weighed against sickness or death. For Douglas and his family, illness became almost a constant companion. By the time he finished his last novel, his wife had died and he himself was invalided.

The best thing about "The Shape of Sunday" is the warm yet not mawkish account of Douglas's family life. The perils and severe limitations that go with any biography by relatives are of course well known. With allowance for them, "The Shape of Sunday" is a fair enough job. Starting with his first pastorate, the Douglas girls retraced their father's career faithfully. They went back to the communities where he and they had lived; they talked with people who had known him; and they checked local newspapers and books for references. They added a great deal of family anecdote and in the last few chapters drew heavily on his correspondence. The result might have been impossibly saccharine. It is a tribute to them that it is not. In general they looked at their father with the loving but discerning eyes that good daughters often have. When it comes to dealing with the fact that no literary critic ever saw much to praise in him as a writer, they are uncomfortable but they do not make a scene about it. The book is not sticky nor is its tone annoying. It gives us the necessary complement to Douglas's own volume of memoirs on his early life.

Carl Bode, professor of English at the University of Maryland, has published articles on such American novelists as Lloyd C. Douglas and Peter B. Kyne.

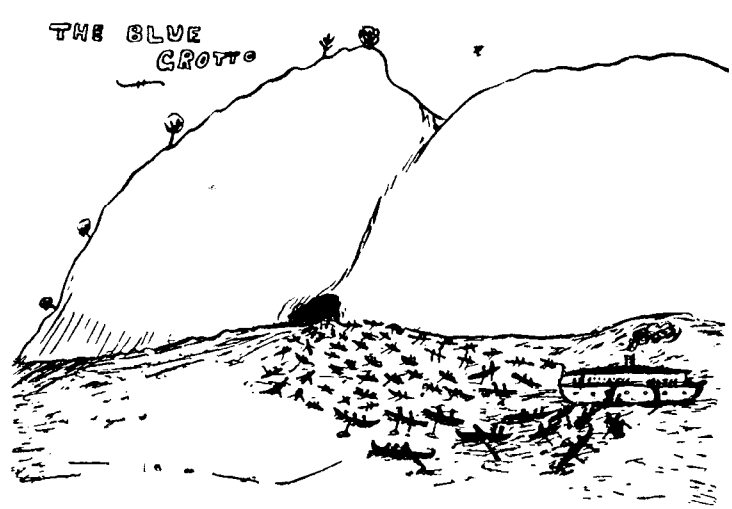
Notes

INFIRM GENIUSES: There is a curious game sometimes played by graduate students of literature who are cramming for their comprehensive exams. It goes like this: What writer was insane? epileptic? hunchbacked? club-footed? dyspeptic? and so on. The connection between the infirmities of geniuses and the writings of (in these cases) Smart, Swinburne, Pope, Byron, and Carlyle is useful when it serves for insights or qualifications. But it becomes a mockery of literature and of biography when the infirmity is assumed to be the most important part of the genius and his work. Yet that is how W. R. Bett goes about his fifteen brief essays in **"The Infirmities of Genius"** (Philosophical Library, $4.75). He is aware of their writings and biographies, to be sure, and sketches them in with an amateur, gushy style, along with what he considers of paramount importance —their infirmities.

The idea of genius being inseparable from infirmity is not at all new; Edmund Wilson's "The Wound and the Bow" explored it through the legend of Philoctetes. But such a study must be done with far more subtlety and knowledge than Mr. Bett brings to it. If he wants to continue on the same track, he can add some other writers to his literary infirmary: for blindness Milton and Joyce, for insanity Swift and Collins, for melancholia Johnson, for inversion Proust and Gide, and so on. But it is only a game; cross-word puzzles are more rewarding because they are less pretentious. —Robert Halsband.

SAM CLEMENS'S PARADISE: A fantasy of what happens in the heavenly Paradise can be neat satire on our mundane realities. And if the visitor there is an honest and plain thinker

(*Continued on page* 41)



—By Lloyd C. Douglas from "The Shape of Sunday."

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The Hunted Men of Graham Greene

ANNE FREMANTLE

—Lida Moser.

Graham Greene—"the trembling 'mother-naked' man."

IT is now nearly a quarter of a century since Graham Greene published his first book. In that time he has produced six novels, five "entertainments," two travel books, a volume of essays (mostly book reviews), and a collection of nineteen short stories. (The novels visibly differ from the entertainments only, it would seem, because in the latter the moral is worn inside the plot, whereas, in the former, it is articulated upon the theme, like the exhaust of a racing car engine.) Movies have been made from several of Mr. Greene's books; he has reached the best-seller list in four or five countries; whenever he crosses a frontier he is recognized, interviewed, makes a statement; at least two serious, full-length studies of his work have appeared in French, and no fiction anthology in any language is complete without one of his tales.

His American publishers have now reissued under a new title, "The Shipwrecked,"* Mr. Greene's "England Made Me," which first appeared in 1935. It is exciting to have his latest novel ("The End of the Affair") and this comparatively early one appear within a year, for it gives his readers a sort of double-entry resume of his work-in-progress.

The hero and heroine of "The Shipwrecked," Anthony and Kate Farrant, are twins; for many years they have met only spasmodically, for Anthony has been primrosing downward, Kate sinning more successfully on the way up. At the book's opening, he is secretary and she is mistress to Eric Krogh, Swedish super-financier (a thin disguise for Ivar Kreuger, whose spectacular suicide was news a generation ago). Anthony is a capsule of all future Greene heroes: he has been thrown out of more jobs than he (or his sister) can count. He can't open his mouth without telling a lie. He is a cheat to the marrow of his bones, and a pompous prig to boot. Living off women but ashamed of them, not of himself, he is ready to blackmail even his sister. He is a rotter, a cad, a snob, and a bore, though he oozes sex appeal and charm.

Kate, decent "after her fashion," self-sufficient, self-respecting, idolizes Anthony, but also feels guilty about him. Once, when bullied and miserable, he ran away from school, she sent him back. Everything he has since become she thinks is the result of her too emphatic insistence. He knows and trades on this guilt-feeling, sponges, battens, and fawns on her, although she persuades Krogh to give Anthony a job as his bodyguard. Eric and Anthony grow fond of one another: Anthony loosens up Krogh, makes him relax, grow vulnerable, generous, almost human. Then, Kate and Anthony combine to blackmail Eric. For no Greene character—and this is a trick he admits magpieing from Henry James—can ever be betrayed except by his intimates. They are almost successful; Eric asks Kate to marry him so that she couldn't give evidence against him. But the twins are foiled by Fred Hall, who flies in in a sort of Satan-ex-machina way, knuckle-dusters a would-be striker, and pushes Anthony into the water, a lucky fog assisting. Kate knows it is murder. Everyone knows, but no one cares. Anthony has got what he deserves; Kate, having lost her all, will leave; Krogh, since we know he is really Ivar Kreuger, will soon commit suicide anyway, probably the very next time another Anthony catches him predating checks.

THE story is psychologically simple, for Greene is almost naively Freudian in his framework. Anthony rebels against his respectable father, as Andrews in "The Man Within" rebels against his unrespectable father. Even Sarah, in "The Heart of the Matter," has a simple enough Oedipus-complex, which at one level accounts both for her nymphomania and her search for God. Greene is the least intellectual of modern major writers, stemming more from Joseph Conrad, with his inarticulate, ravaged heroes, than from either the distilled, essentially introverted Henry James, or the self-conscious, brutally aware François Mauriac.

"The Shipwrecked" is theologically bold. Its assumption is that it is only the desperate, the destitute, the crooks, and the utterly abased who can save. Only Anthony could help Krogh, but Hall has him killed. In other novels it is the pure who more conventionally represent Grace; in "The Man Within," for example, it is Elizabeth who offers Andrews a peace

*THE SHIPWRECKED. (ENGLAND MADE ME.) By Graham Greene. New York: Viking Press. 244 pp. $3.

Anne Fremantle is the author of the novel, "James and Joan," and "Desert Calling," a biography of Charles de Foucauld.

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he rejects when he abandons her to Joe, but which he accepts when he (untruthfully) declares he is Elizabeth's murderer, and so saves the smugglers—his enemies and hers. So, too, shallow Milly, in "It's a Battlefield," is yet, in her totally human condition, not only temptation but also proffered salvation. So, too, in "The Heart of the Matter," Scobie finds in sin with Helen a greater peace than he has found elsewhere since he left school.

In a "Personal Prologue" to "The Lost Childhood," his collection of essays, Greene notes that "we choose our death much as we choose our job." In the earlier "The Third Man" he had written: "Just as an animal creeps into the dark to die, so I suppose a man makes for the light. He wants to die at home, and the darkness is never home to us." This compulsion to a choice, this horrid necessity of opting —I'm for life, like Falstaff, or for death, like Hamlet—dominates all Greene's novels. In each there is always the moment when the hero (or, as in "The End of the Affair," the heroine) chooses death rather than life. They choose for contradictory reasons: some because the wages of sin are death; others because death offers them the only possibility of escape from the relentless pursuit of evil (as in "Brighton Rock") or of good ("The Power and the Glory," "The Heart of the Matter," "The End of the Affair"). The alternatives are often real death: in the sewers of Vienna ("The Third Man") at the hands of the law ("The Man Within," "It's a Battlefield"), and the voluntary death to the world chosen by Elizabeth ("The Man Within"), Father Josè ("The Power and the Glory"), and Arthur Rowe ("The Ministry of Fear")—in the latter case symbolic only.

But all these deaths are not so much deaths as the kill. For the hunted man is the hero of every one of Greene's books except the latest, "The End of the Affair," where the pursued changes sex and is called Sarah. This hunted man, whether he stems from Victorian melodrama (e.g., Dracula) or from earlier, picaresque rogues, or from both, is definitely an anti-hero. He is not someone who saves his country from a tyrant, or the lady from a dragon, but the trembling "mother-naked man" who has survived mammoth and mastodon to write "Kilroy was here."

Fiction Notes

WARRIOR'S DILEMMA: How can a man who is morally opposed to war bring himself to wage it? How does a killer reconcile his blood-lust with daily devotion to the Bible? By what method can a coward transform himself into a hero?

These are some of the hard questions that Walt Sheldon, a combat correspondent, raises in his first novel, **"Troubling of a Star"** (Lippincott, $3.50), which deals with the activities of certain of the men of the 66th Fighter-Bomber Wing in Korea and Japan. Even though Mr. Sheldon does not quite make these men live in relationship to these issues, the tests themselves are live, requiring answers not only from Colonel Straker and his command but from readers as well. The book thus achieves a kind of weight even if it does not have very much depth.

Captain Tindle is the center of its busy action. Just back at Akuni Air Base in Japan after a sixty-day experience as a "forward air controller" in Korea, Tindle dreads the resumpiont of his flight duties. He has seen the mud and murder of war from the ground, has watched men (formerly thought of as "targets") literally cut in half by jet cannonading or shriveling to cinders in the blaze of napalm, and is now locked in fierce combat with his own conscience.

Things are not made easier for Tindle by Straker, a disciplinarian who memorizes a verse from the New Testament every morning, thus hoping somehow to impress high Providence as well as the high brass. Tindle's fuzzy-headed friend Pete Ronsdale, so handsome that he looks like a major on a recruiting poster, is no help either, being himself a coward and something of a general, all-around psychological misfit. And Pete's nymphomaniacal wife Essie has none of the answers that a good but confused pilot seeking to become a morally better men needs.

Tindle's problem is solved after a fashion at story's end, but not in a manner that is satisfying to the reader; his solution is a compromise, the product of events rather than of inner choice. Straker behaves in a mildly unexpected way in solving his own problems, and Ronsdale performs with predictable intrepidity in the melodramatic role of the classic coward.

Mr. Sheldon has wrapped up his main story with numerous sub-plots, some of them contributing very little to the central action, but giving him an opportunity to sketch in a variety of airbase types, to touch on Japanese life and customs, and to issue warnings against the espionage activities of Japanese Communists. He has a tendency to overdraw his characters (Sergeant Braith, for example), is generous with sexual by-play, and writes battle scenes that are ready-made for technicolor treatment. There are tingling moments in "Troubling of a Star," but the over-all effect is one of slickness, of something more put-together than palpitant, more fashioned than felt.—CHARLES LEE.

GRADE-B BIBLICAL YARN: As Dr. Frank G. Slaughter progresses from novel to novel, his plotting is reaching a pitch of positive frenzy. **"The Galileans"** (Doubleday, $3.50) is well below the level of his "The Road to Bithynia," of a couple of seasons ago.

His interpretation of Mary of Magdala frequently is painful. In a prefatory note, he decries novelists who have identified her with Mary of Bethany. He identifies her with the woman taken in adultery.

The Mary of this book is a dancer who gets ravished after giving a command performance before Pontius Pilate and his friends. "Not the Procurator?" gasps Pilate's wife, in consternation upon hearing of it. But no, it was Gaius Flaccus, who catches up with Mary again in Alexandria where, under the name of "Flamen," she has brought that worldly city to her feet. The grand climax of the Alexandria sequence is something the like of which hasn't been seen since Edgar Rice Burroughs.

One Joseph of Galilee, an amiable physician, is her faithful follower. The old medical lore which Dr. Slaughter works in around him is the best part of the book. When Jesus enters the scene, Dr. Slaughter's little people scurry around busily, making sure that the great drama of Redemption works out properly.

Dr. Slaughter strides cheerfully through the ancient world, strewing it with B-picture dialogue. "The Galileans" is definitely on the low level of the Biblical romance.

—EDMUND FULLER.

THE TREASURE IN THE ATTIC: When amiable Dr. Sandilands discovers that

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some dusty old paintings he has been given are possibly great masterpieces of early Italian art, he finds himself involved in some pretty exciting doings. Even more involved is Stephanie Du Plessis, who sets herself the difficult task of saving the paintings from the clutches of a world-renowned art collector. Obviously this material could be developed into a wildly improbable farce or into one of those girlishly sweet romances with suspense elements that appear perennially. Author Doris Langley Moore is, however, anything but obvious in her **"All Done By Kindness"** (Lippincott, $3), and she has constructed instead a very solidly entertaining novel with fresh dialogue, believable characters, and a tightly mortised, exciting plot. Most interesting and least likable of her characters is the sly, unscrupulous art dealer, Sir Harry Maximer. You'll enjoy seeing his mean plans thwarted. You'll enjoy, too, Mrs. Moore's deft way of pinning a character to the wall with a phrase—usually out of his own mouth. In fact, I think you'll enjoy her book. —EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

FEMALE DEMONS: There are many more than three witches in the latest collection of fantasia designed to beguile those who can't find enough fantastic about the world today. **"Witches Three"** (Twayne, $3.95) has, it is true, three witches' tales: two novels and a novelette. Hence the title. But the first story contains four explicit witches and the pretty clear implication that in the mind of the author, Fritz Leiber, all women are witches. The four he talks about in "Conjure Wife" are all wives of faculty members at Hempnell College, and their witchery is designed to further their husbands' careers or to exercise some suppressed libidinous ideas of their own. Leads to some pretty complications. Prettily worked out. James Blish's story "There Shall Be No Darkness" has more to do with werewolves than with witches, but there's a witch in it, too, though she's fairly new to the racket and almost gets herself caught up in a rather nasty involvement. Rescued, however, with the aid of a silver bullet. Fletcher Pratt takes us, in "The Blue Star," to one of those mythical medieval worlds where witches abound and are forces to contend with. His principal witch—he, too, has more than one—gets partly involved in some pretty complicated political doings which are far less interesting than her sexual misadventures and those of her lover, Redvard. No one who has ever loved a witch or been witched up by one will fail to get something out of this giant economy size collection. —E. J. F.

Americana: Although the names that pepper the pages of the history books are almost invariably masculine, as every woman knows, behind each one looms the shadow of a woman. In our own political history there have been five or six ladies who, by a combination of beauty and force of personality, won important places and helped shape their times. Most of them have had satisfactory biographies in recent years (usually of the fictionalized type): for example, Samuel Hopkins Adams's "The Gorgeous Hussy" (Peggy O'Neill Eaton). The latest is Ishbel Ross's "Proud Kate" (Katherine Chase Sprague), reviewed below. Of our most dynamic damsels, Dolly Madison is perhaps the only one yet to be biographied adequately . . . Society with a capital S has always been a peculiarly feminine preserve, and the most feminine of its fields is the fashionable watering place. Two new books about resorts (and the Four Hundred)—one of them thorough and informative, the other gossipy and gay—are reviewed on page 20: "Good Old Summer Days" and Cleveland Amory's "The Last Resorts."

War & Society

PROUD KATE: Portrait of an Ambitious Woman. By Ishbel Ross. New York: Harper & Bros. 309 pp. $4.

By RUTH PAINTER RANDALL

THIS is the biography of a beautiful and designing woman. As daughter and official hostess of Salmon P. Chase, member of Lincoln's cabinet and later Chief Justice, Kate Chase was for many years a spectacular figure in Washington society. That she married wealthy Senator William Sprague of Rhode Island seems incidental; she was always in her own mind and the minds of others Chase's daughter, not Sprague's wife. His wealth was his main attraction; it would provide money to forward her father's political fortunes; for, rather ironically, Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury was always in debt.

Kate Chase—"whipped up gossip."

The presentation of Chase himself is excellent. He objected to his name "Salmon" as too "fishy" and somehow incompatible with his dignity. Cold and unbending in public life, self-righteous, lacking in humor, consumed with "Presidential fever," he was sincerely convinced that a man of his qualities was just what the country needed as President. But as a father and family man he was affectionate, solicitous, and sentimental.

It was a bitter disappointment to father and daughter when Lincoln was nominated for President in 1860. When the Lincolns came to the White House in 1861, crafty Kate was ready for them.

Much is made of the antagonism between Kate and Mary Lincoln. Each wished to be the social leader in the capital and the cards were heavily stacked in Kate's favor. She was firmly established in the Washington society which stood ready to snub this backwoods pair from uncivilized Illinois. In this atmosphere, as the author justly says, Mrs. Lincoln could do no right and Kate could do no wrong.

With malice and skill Kate whipped up gossip to belittle the Lincolns. She was in the vigor and bloom of her early twenties, Mrs. Lincoln was in her ailing forties. Contemporary descriptions picture Kate as extremely beautiful, graceful, fascinating, while Mrs. Lincoln is described as "plump," "amiable," and "motherly." Each was ambitious for the one man to whom she gave lifelong devotion: in Kate's

Ruth Painter Randall is the author of "Mary Lincoln: Biography of a Marriage" coming in February.

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—Culver.

Benjamin Harrison—"ice water."

case, her father, in Mary's, her husband. Both were well educated, intelligent, and skilled in conversation. Both loved attention. Kate had been humored and pampered by her father; Mrs. Lincoln herself said she had been spoiled by her husband's indulgence.

Though Kate, tall and slender, was in striking contrast to short and matronly Mrs. Lincoln, there was a certain similarity in coolring. Both had hair inclined to a bronze shade which was sometimes described as auburn, sometimes as rich light brown. Both had milk-white skin and tilted noses. In runaway extravagance when shopping for fine clothes, they were remarkably alike. But tempermentally they were very different. To Kate, calculating and cold, the most important thing was power; to Mary, impulsive and emotional, it was affection.

The author's presentation of Mary Lincoln is colored by the stereotyped, unfriendly view. Mrs. Lincoln, she says, spoke "shrilly," was "strident," and "strutted." Against these terms we can place contemporary letter and diary which mention her "soft sweet voice" with "a very decided Southern accent." Miss Ross's pages do not do justice to the gracious White House hostess that Mrs. Lincoln was. A seasoned, sophisticated journalist compared her to Dolly Madison as a hostess, and wrote, as did many other contemporaries, of her "graceful deportment" and "goodness of heart."

One finds slight mention of goodheartedness with Miss Chase. Aside from beauty and brains, there is little that is appealing in Kate. As was said of her by Donald Barr Chidsey in his "Life of Roscoe Conkling," she could scheme like a "cigar-chewing convention rigger."

President but no Chief

BENJAMIN HARRISON: Hoosier Warrior. By Harry J. Sievers. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 344 pp. $5.

By KENNETH M. STAMPP

BENJAMIN HARRISON is a rather dim figure in American political history. In part, this may be due to the fact that, until recently, his private papers had been closed to historians and that, consequently, he had failed to attract a biographer. But it may also be the fault of the man himself. This Hoosier politician, grandson of William Henry Harrison, found his place in the history books as one of a series of uninspiring Republicans whom his party elevated to the Presidency in the late nineteenth century. (It was President-elect Harrison who piously thanked Providence for giving his party a victory in the election of 1888—perhaps the most corrupt national election in American history.) Harrison was conservative in politics, orthodox in economics, and nearly blind to the forces that were generating mass unrest among the farmers and industrial workers of his day. The exploration of his mind is a singularly unrewarding enterprise. Though an effective stump speaker, he was not an attractive personality. One who knew this austere Calvinist was convinced that he "sweated ice water."

Even so, Harrison deserved a biographer, and the Arthur Jordan Foundation, restorers of the Harrison Memorial Home in Indianapolis, set out to find one. The Foundation finally commissioned Father Sievers, Jesuit teacher at West Baden College, to write what it hopes will be a definitive biography. It subsidized Father Siever's research but never intruded in the role of censor. Actually, there was no need for it to do so, for this first volume of a projected two-volume work is warmly sympathetic toward its subject. The author proposes to permit Harrison to "plead his own case" and to give him "his place in the sun."

In the present volume Harrison's career is carried to the close of the Civil War. It is a well-written narrative, based largely upon Harrison's voluminous private papers which were opened to Father Sievers. These papers, from which numerous lengthy extracts are taken, enable the reader to penetrate Harrison's cold exterior and find the human qualities and feelings which he often revealed in letters to his wife.

Young Benjamin's childhood on a southern Ohio farm, though relatively uneventful, provides an interesting picture of rural life in the 1830's and 1840's: the close-knit family, the influence of the church upon these devout Presbyterians, and education in a log-cabin school. In 1854, after graduating from Miami University and reading law in Cincinnati, Harrison married and settled in Indianapolis. After a few lean years the ambitious lawyer began to taste success. In 1856, blessed with a magic name, he joined the Republican Party and actively entered politics. Four years later he was elected to the lucrative office of Reporter of the Indiana Supreme Court. A promising career opened.

But the Civil War intervened, and, like many other politicians, Harrison weighed the pros and cons of a military career. Finally, in the summer of 1862, he abandoned civilian life and entered the Union Army. Harrison was on good terms with Indiana's war governor, Oliver P. Morton, and it was Morton who dispensed military commissions in the state regiments. As a result, within one month, though totally lacking in military experience, Harrison rose from the rank of second lieutenant to colonel of the Seventieth Indiana Regiment. The consequences of this policy of treating military commissions like political patronage were not always as fortunate as they were in Harrison's case. "Little Ben" ultimately developed into a highly competent officer, and before the war ended he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general by brevet.

Harrison saw front-line service with General Sherman during his Atlanta campaign, and with General Thomas at the Battle of Nashville. He joined Sherman again near the end of the war, in time to participate in the triumphal march to Washington and in the final Grand Review down Pennsylvania Avenue. Nothing in this volume adds significantly to our knowledge of these military campaigns; but Harrison's letters do give us many fascinating details about army life.

When he returned to civilian life in June 1865, Harrison's political prospects were brighter than ever. Throughout the war he had kept a watchful eye on Indiana politics. Now he told an Indianapolis audience that the men who had served in the Union Army meant "to be felt in politics"; they would have no sympathy for any candidate who had been "lukewarm in the good cause." The second volume of this biography should amply verify Harrison's prediction.

Kenneth M. Stampp is professor of history at the University of California.

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Talking all 'round God

ROYAL BOB: The Life of Robert G. Ingersoll. By C. H. Cramer. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 313 pp. $3.75.

By RUSSEL B. NYE

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL filled for his age the place occupied earlier by Tom Paine and later by Clarence Darrow—the role of the village rebel, the philosophical agnostic, the champion of the unpopular. He functioned as a sort of goad to the national conscience, voicing what many plain men felt but dared not say. He became, before his death, a symbol of controversy, enveloped in an atmosphere of emotionalism and partisanship. It seemed to be impossible to be neutral about him. He was either hated or hailed, attacked as "a miserable whisky-soaked, tobacco-bedaubed, illiterate, vulgar, blasphemous, red-faced atheist," or praised as "a gentle, kindly friend to man." In the heat of the argument over Ingersoll the agnostic, few could really see Ingersoll the human being. Fifty-three years after his death, with the temperature of the old debates cooling, Dr. Cramer's study of him separates the man from the symbol, disentangling the personality from the prejudice, and rediscovering Ingersoll the human being.

What sort of man was Ingersoll? He was, first and foremost, a man of numerous and strong opinions—on family life, marriage and divorce, prohibition, immigration, censorship, politics, and so on—not all of them unorthodox. His father was a Presbyterian minister who followed both Finney's brand of "perfectionism" and Garrison's abolitionism. His son, although rejecting orthodox Christianity completely, retained in his personality much of the evangelistic, crusading spirit that characterized both movements. A fanatic abolitionist himself, young Robert served as a colonel of Illinois cavalry in the Civil War and gave a good account of himself in a tangle with Nathan Bedford Forrest.

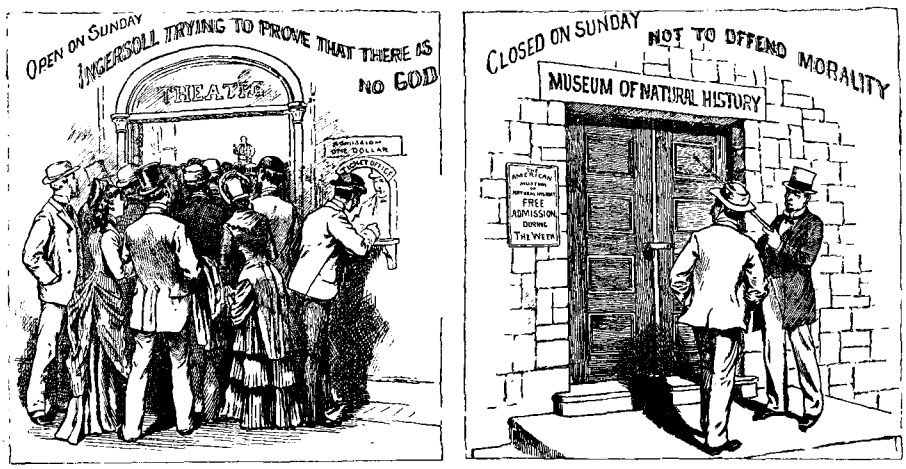
After the war Robert Ingersoll entered law practice and Republican politics in Illinois, making a great success of both. A shrewd politician who came to have some power in the national party councils, Ingersoll was known as "the Big Voice" and was in constant demand as a speaker. His phrase "the plumed knight" almost set James G. Blaine on the way to the Presidency, leading one commentator to remark wryly, "An honest Blaine's the noblest work of Bob." Although he flirted briefly with Henry George's single tax, he stayed in the Republican party, sometimes uneasily, until his death in 1899. Until Bryan burst on the scene in Chicago, Ingersoll remained the nation's supreme orator.

Ingersoll's great forte was oratory. Henry Ward Beecher, a speaker of parts himself, judged him to be "the most brilliant speaker of the English language in the world," while Mark Twain, Clarence Darrow, E. L. Godkin, George Ade, Eugene Debs, and William E. Borah, among others, declared themselves entranced by him. An amazingly effective and durable lecturer, he was always ready to speak anywhere about anything, though he specialized in patriotic and religious subjects. A man of tremendous physical and mental energy (he was a great advocate of the solace of bourbon, tobacco, and good food, approaching three hundred pounds), Ingersoll once spoke for one hundred consecutive nights, rested a week, and spoke for thirty more. His photographic memory enabled him to tuck away yards of facts and quotations in his mind. His speeches, he said, were composed in his head while playing billiards, often never written down until many years later.

The oratory that according to contemporary reports "struck overwrought thousands . . . with unspeakable wonder and delight" seems overstuffed and dated now, though less ornate and roseate than usual for his time. He had a knack for the succinct barb and a mastery of the colloquial and memorable phrase. Ingersoll's mind was wide rather than deep. His talent lay in his ability to assimilate the findings of others and to popularize them with his forensic gifts. There was some truth in his claim that audiences attended his talks in droves because they liked to hear "their own ideas from the lips of another."

Ingersoll was best known, of course, as the devil's advocate of religious unorthodoxy, or so-called "atheism." He occupied for thirty years a position in the middle of the prevailing warfare between science and theology that ended with Bryan and Darrow. In debate he took on all comers, including Justice Jeremiah Black, Cardinal Manning, Anthony Comstock himself, and a host of lesser men of assorted creeds, giving as good as he got and often better. In 1881 he was indicted and convicted of blasphemy under a Delaware law left over from Puritan times, while threatening letters to him were a daily commonplace. His daughters, it was claimed, were dissolute drunkards, and he was supposed to have a son (he had none) in a lunatic asylum from the reading of too many popular novels. But like Twain, on whom he had more than a little influence, Ingersoll hated "humbug" and attacked dogmatism, prejudice, unreason, and superstition wherever he found it, in religious affairs or elsewhere. And like Darrow, another of his admirers, he had strong sympathy for the underdog, taking numerous hopeless cases.

Dr. Cramer, a professor of history at Western Reserve University, has brought to his task a sense of humor, a lively style, a sympathetic viewpoint, and a scholarly command of the history of Robert G. Ingersoll's times. The result is a timely and readable biography of an important and interesting figure.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—*Culver.*

"A Curious Illustration of Modern 'Consistency'," from an 1881 newspaper.

Russel B. Nye is author of "Civil Liberty and Slavery" and the 1944 Pulitizer Prize winning biography, "George Bancroft."

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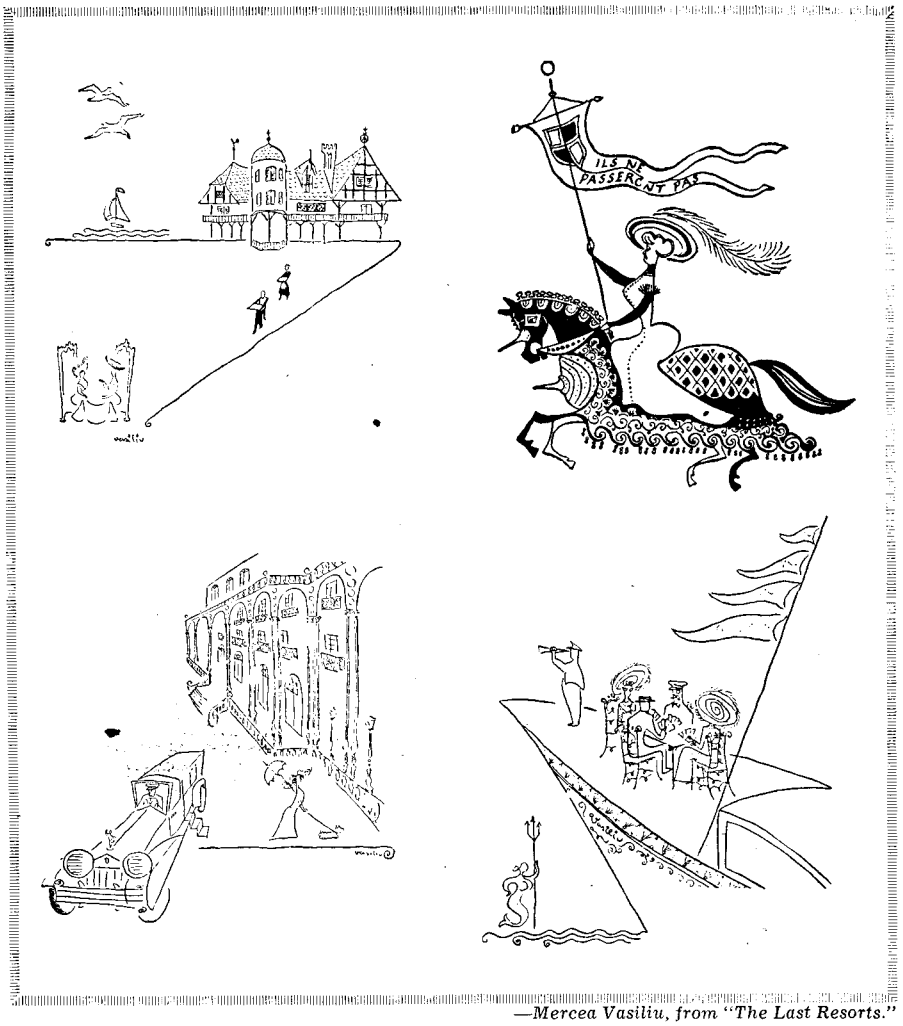

—Mercea Vasiliu, from "The Last Resorts."

Games & Gams in High Places

THE LAST RESORTS. By Cleveland Amory. New York: Harper & Bros. 494 pp. $5.

GOOD OLD SUMMER DAYS. By Richmond Barrett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 324 pp. $3.50.

By Elizabeth Wecter Pike

THE synchronized appearance of "The Last Resorts," by Cleveland Amory, and "Good Old Summer Days," by Richmond Barrett, is the kind of coincidence which must make a publisher yearn to go blow out his brains and be done with it. The books are painfully parallel in theme, and oddly, the more thoughtful and analytical of the two—Barrett's—comes off second best. If the two are to be read, let them be read tandem, Barrett first, with his mild good humor and slow pace leading on to Amory's astringent wit and staccato clip.

Both books record the ascension and descension of America's great and fashionable resorts, both are upper case Social History. But the social giants of burgeoning America were also the giants of finance and development, and thus a good bit of true social history seeps through by osmosis. Both authors were properly bred for their tasks—Amory was born in the Boston suburb of Nahant, Barrett was born in Newport—and neither takes his topic too solemnly. The same phenomenon which makes the society page—along with sports and comics—the best-read section of any newspaper makes these two chronicles delicious. The antics of the rich, the social, and the would-be-both are titillating reading.

Cleveland Amory brandishes his scalpel across the nation, dissecting resortdom from Bar Harbor to Palm Springs, while Barrett limits himself to Newport, Narragansett Pier, Saratoga, Long Branch, and Bar Harbor. A theory which seems to hold water is the basis for Amory's studies: that of a cycle in which a paradise is settled by artists and writers seeking beauty and solitude, next come professors and clergymen questing a simple site for their long holidays, and next, "nice millionaires" who want for their children simplicity and solidity. But then, hot on the heels of the "nice millionaires," come "bad millionaires" intent upon associating with the "nice millionaires." These vulgarian-barbarians drown out the lap of the surf with the chink of their gold, bedeck Eden with gauds and baubles, and in so doing utterly destroy the simple life, and soon the resort itself. This Gresham's Law of the bad millionaire driving the nice millionaire out of circulation seems to have operated with horrid consistency and to the downfall of even the stoutest strongholds. However, the boom and bust of resorts could be explained in other words—Chester Dale's, for instance, who said, "Look at your income tax schedules, they're the timetables of resorts," or those of Addison Mizner who believed that Old Guard Society simply bored itself to death.

"The Last Resorts'" opening chapter romps from Lenox and Stockbridge through time and geography to the present-day Springs—White, Hot, Sweet, and Palm—before the book settles down to closer scrutiny of the truly fabled resorts. Tuxedo—private project of Pierre Lorillard V, member of a family "which has usually been numbered rather than named"—a bastion whose impact on the outer world was felt by way of Emily Post's "Etiquette" and man's tuxedo, both there conceived. Amory then disembarks on the social islands: Fishers, of which one inhabitant said, "We don't mind it getting crowded, if only it's all our crowd"; Hobe Sound, its rusticity sustained by policies such as the one which decreed that a lady should dress for Thursday night dinners, but not put on a diamond tiara; Jekyll's, preserve of a hundred tycoons so prepotent that a handful of them could create the Federal Reserve System while holidaying.

Both Messrs. Amory and Barrett treat with Newport, with its embattled and emblazoned dowagers jousting for position, and in their two accounts there is a reassuring duplication of anecdotes. And the two authors eye Bar Harbor, Barrett finding it the most civilized of resorts, an estimate one ponders when reading Amory's record of that collector of "Old Masters and old mistresses," J. P. Morgan, and the sallies made from his *Corsair* anchored in midbay. Ashore the social niceties were exemplified by one freshly-widowed woman who, determining to attend an important function decided, "I shall go, but I shan't mingle."

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Americana Notes

JEFFERSON'S CONSTITUENTS: The twentieth-century democrat looking backward at eighteenth-century Virginia sees a most intriguing paradox: A conservative, aristocratic society produced such democratic statesmen as Jefferson, Madison, Mason, and Monroe. Charles S. Sydnor in a thoughtful and charming little book, **"Gentlemen Freeholders"** (University of North Carolina Press, $3.50), unravels the paradox—or, rather, shows that none really existed. Democracy and aristocracy were not antagonistic forces; instead, their interplay led to the selection of Virginia's eminent leaders of the Revolutionary era.

By present-day standards, the political practices of Washington's Virginia were thoroughly undemocratic. Voters, bolstered by treats of rum punch, stood before the sheriff and rival candidates and balloted openly. There was no two-party system, and the reforms of the age of Jackson and of the Progressive Movement were undreamed of. But Mr. Sydnor suggests that our concern for refinement of the mechanics of democracy may have caused us unwittingly to discard values in the Virginia practice of self-government when the system became outmoded. Perhaps the failure to adopt all of Jefferson's plan to provide a new political leadership is partially responsible for the loss. His program to destroy the arrogation of office by "gentlemen of long-tailed families" was adopted; his constructive educational scheme to develop a "natural aristocracy of talents and training" was not.

At bottom, it may have been enlightened selfishness that produced the Virginia gentleman's strong sense of public responsibility. When Jefferson wrote Speaker John Tyler that he could not accept a seat in the Assembly, Tyler replied: "I would suggest that good and able men had better govern than be governed, since 'tis possible, indeed highly probable, that if the able and good withdraw themselves from society, the venal and ignorant will succeed."

—J. MERTON ENGLAND.

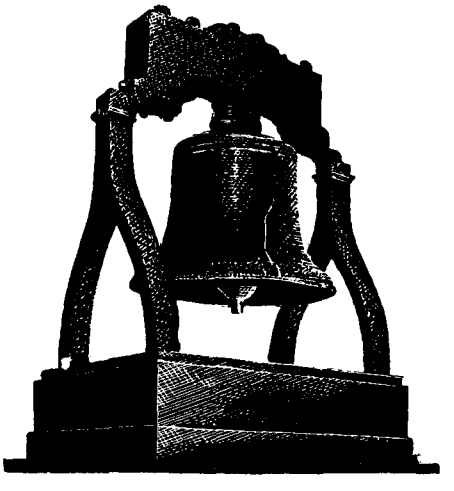
MYTHS OF THE ANTE-BELLUM SOUTH: The Walter Lynwood Fleming Lectures in Southern History, given annually at Louisiana State University, have resulted in some excellent books of interpretation of the South's past. Carl Bridenbaugh's **"Myths and Realities"** (Louisiana State University Press, $3.25) is one of the best. In three sparkling essays the author describes the social and cultural life of three Southern regions in the mid-eighteenth century. The Chesapeake society, stable, gracious, and aristocratic, had a genius for agriculture and politics. The newer Charleston neighborhood was dominated by planter-merchants, gay, elegant, and callously indifferent to their inferiors. The back settlements, a land of sharp contrasts, had the elements of a third society, but they had not yet fused.

Mr. Bridenbaugh does not write in the genteel tradition of sectional apologetics. He explodes some myths nurtured by aristocratic Southern historians: the myth of the leisurely Virginia gentleman who read the classics discriminatingly (Jefferson, he says, was an exception); of an active intellectual and artistic life at Charleston; and of an Old West characterized by political liberalism, high moral standards, and religious toleration.

Few historians have mastered so well the art of writing social and cultural history. Expert use of quotations, a supple style, deft summaries, and above all an understanding of the colonial South make this an interesting and significant book.

—J. M. E.

NURSERY OF AMERICANISM: In the last quarter of the eighteenth century, Philadelphia was a young, lively, confident metropolis. The birthplace of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, and the capital of the United States during the new nation's formative years, is lovingly described in **"Pattern for Liberty"** (McGraw-Hill, $7.50), by Gerald W. Johnson. Thirty-two full-page color reproductions of paintings by Frank Reilly, Simon Greco, and James Bingham are on the velvety side, but they well illustrate Mr. Johnson's discussion of the city's mercantile vigor, its interest in politics and learning, its cultural refinement, and its architectural beauty. Both text and pictures, however, portray a bit too glowingly "a neat, new, clean little town where



difference in rank did not exist, and where differences in wealth were not conspicuously great." Some Philadelphia mechanics of the 1770's and victims of the yellow fever horror of 1793 saw a less democratic and a seamier city.

It was in Philadelphia, Mr. Johnson says, that Americanism "was nursed into conscious life," and he tries to define the environment in which great things were done and which subtly contributed to their doing. He believes that the city's respect for scholarship and the arts, its spirit of honorable compromise, its dignity and firmness, and above all its cheerful faith in the future helped to start the young republic in the right direction.

—J. M. E.

BRITISH VIEW OF YOUNG AMERICA: Richard Cobden twice visited the United States, in 1835 when he was a young businessman and in 1859 when he was one of Great Britain's most distinguished statesmen, lionized at every stopping place. His impressions of American life have been made available for the first time in **"The American Diaries of Richard Cobden"** (Princeton University Press, $4), edited, with an excellent introduction and notes, by Elizabeth Hoon Cawley. The diaries are interesting and valuable, both for their picture of American society, mainly in the Northern states, and for their revelation of the intelligent, kindly observer. The later diary contains many comments on American political leaders, businessmen, writers, and educators who entertained the traveler.

American characteristics that struck Cobden were those that impressed other foreign visitors: a "go-ahead" spirit, inventiveness, social equality, and optimism. He deplored slavery and discriminations against free Negroes, the universal egotism and desire for unqualified praise, and the "incessant hawking & spitting"; in 1835 he took consolation that "every one must have spit himself to death before I again visit America"—a poor prophecy. He liked American men better than the women, who, he thought, abused their privileged position. He commented on their "pale & sickly" complexion and their deficiency "in bust & *bustle*" (or "in *preface* & *postscript*").

Cobden's reaction to the United States was perhaps too favorable, but his broad knowledge and his sympathy for the experiment in democracy enabled him to penetrate the superficial traits that engrossed the attention of snobbish English travelers. "If I were a young man," he wrote on his last visit, "I would sever

(*Continued on page* 47)

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The Saturday Review

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The Product Is Hope

EDITOR'S NOTE: *On Monday, December 22, 1952, the Court of Special Sessions in Brooklyn considered the case of Harry G. Purvis, a businessman charged with having violated a local ordinance. Atop Mr. Purvis's factory in Brooklyn was a large sign calling for world peace through world federation. The ordinance forbids advertising signs in his particular vicinity except as they might advertise the firm's own name or products available on the premises. The editor of* The Saturday Review *was called as the principal witness for the defendant. Abstracts from his statement follow. Decision in the case was reserved by the Court for a later date.*

MR. PURVIS is accused of displaying a sign which is apparently advertising something without a product being available on the premises. I am by no means certain that Mr. Purvis and many millions of people like him throughout the world are unable to produce this particular product. But about this, more later.

My purpose today is to call the attention of the court to some of the factors in this case that go beyond the purely local ordinances. I have come, too, because I am confident that this court will be guided by Justice Holmes's moral yardstick. Wasn't it Justice Holmes, your honor, who said that "the law cannot be dealt with as if it contained only the axioms and corollaries of a book of mathematics"? Wasn't there also some reference to what he called "the felt necessities of the time"? Isn't this a development of the same idea of essential flexibility in Jefferson's advice to a young country that "laws and institutions go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind"? And isn't there, perhaps, an echo of all this in Justice Jackson's recent observation that the "life of the law has not been logic; it has been experience"?

It is with confidence, then, in the application by this court of essential flexibility that I should like to argue this case.

Let us consider, first of all, the man himself. Mr. Purvis, it is apparent, is an individualist—at least so far as his convictions are concerned. And, technical legalities aside, he offers a good test case of responsible individualism in America today. For Mr. Purvis is being individualistic in the best possible way. Through this little tangle of his with the law in Brooklyn, he has reminded us that the big ideas in this world cannot survive unless they come to life in the individual citizen. It is what one man does in responding to his convictions that provides the forward thrust for any great movement. The basic energy behind American independence was supplied by the combined heartbeats of individual men. Today, 173 years later, a great jurist, Learned Hand, can write that the "vastest conflict with which mankind has ever been faced . . . in the end turns upon whether the individual can survive."

As a responsible individual, Mr. Purvis knows that democracy is no better than the ability of its citizens to make right decisions. He knows something about the wars that have happened during his lifetime. He is being entirely realistic and practical when he says that American cities are no longer immune to direct attack; that the skies will be filled with guided missiles penetrating far beyond the speed boundaries of sound; that men may not be able to dig deeply enough into the earth to avoid the shocks of the man-made hydrogen earthquakes; and when he tells what General H. H. Arnold, chief of our air force, said in 1948: "We won the last war, and it's the last war we'll ever win. If we have another, this nation will lose. We'll lose and the enemy we fight will lose, because victory in atomic warfare is no longer possible. One nation cannot defeat another nation today. That concept died with Hiroshima. War is like fire; you can prevent a fire, or you can try to put it out, but you can't win a fire, because fire is destruction."

But Mr. Purvis doesn't rest his case on the fiendishness of war in the twentieth century. I do not know him, but I do know he is not a pacifist. If I understand him correctly, he is a Federalist. He believes there is an answer to war. It is not an answer to be found merely through disdain for war or horror of war; for it takes more than disdain or horror to make peace. Nor does he believe, as a Federalist, that the answer to war is to be found through appeasement. He would fight if our values were attacked because he doesn't believe in peace at any price. But he believes that an honest peace, a just peace, a peace with values is possible. He believes that such a peace is not to be had merely for the asking or the taking. As a Federalist, he knows that no peace in history has come about by itself. He knows that peace must be created; it is a specific and tangible thing; it must have a definite architecture to it.

This architecture, Mr. Purvis believes, is the architecture of federalism. It is an unfortunate commentary on American forgetfulness, your honor, that it should be necessary to define federalism for an American audience. Nothing in our history is as uniquely American as our federalism. Yet too many of us turn our backs on it.

FEDERALISM is an approach to government based on equating power with justice, on equating force with responsibility, on equating authority with due process of law. Federalism is unity without uniformity; it is the rim of a wheel that has many spokes; it is a technique not so much for eliminating differences as for keeping differences from resulting in organized violence. It defines the areas of workable sovereignty. It assures to each state the right of self-development, but it maintains for the larger unit of all the states the machinery for operating and maintaining peace. Federalism is based upon the existence of natural spheres of authority—those retained by individual states, those

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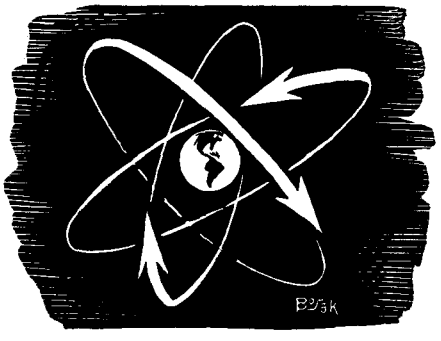
given to the collective entity of the states for the greater safety of all.

In sum, federalism does not destroy sovereignty. It calls for an investment of *some* sovereignty, and offers a definite and important return on the investment by protecting the individual nations against attack and by freeing them of the enormous burden of piling up armaments without limit and without end.

I have a feeling, your honor, and I know that it is not customary to talk about one's feelings in presenting an argument before a court of law, that Mr. Purvis would not be here today if our history were better understood. I have a feeling that if Mr. Purvis's sign had been concerned with a familiar and popular idea or slogan, for which there didn't seem to be a product on the premises, there might not have been a trial. Suppose, your honor, the sign had expressed Mr. Purvis's hope—a hope, I hasten to add, that I personally share—that the Brooklyn Dodgers would finally win a World Series in 1953, then I am certain no officer of the law would dare to invoke this particular ordinance. But it is perhaps the very strangeness of purposeful hoping in our time, this curious and paradoxical unfamiliarity with the word federalism, that made this young man somewhat suspect, as though he were trying somehow to damage the country whose history and institutions he knows so well and for which he has such devotion.

Are there not signs throughout Brooklyn, your honor, that call attention to the religion of the Prince of Peace? This is a borough famed the world over for its churches. I should be disappointed if there are not countless signs extolling His way. These signs do not come within the letter of the law regarding the availability of a tangible article or product, for they deal with things of the spirit; and yet I am certain that no officer of the law would seek to remove them.

And if it is said in rebuttal that there is indeed a product behind such devotional signs, and that this product is a thing of the spirit as meaningful and important as any tangible product, I would agree. And I would say it is good that they are not excluded because of any superficial distinctions between spirit and substance. But I would also contend that there is a spiritual product behind Mr. Purvis's sign, one that is especially meaningful just a few hours before the anniversary of an event we associate with peace on earth and good will towards all men.



Mr. Purvis *has* a product on his premises, your honor. His product is hope. His product is apparently so rare today that it can hardly be recognized for what it is. Hope, like conscience, may have its pains, but nothing is more essential to human existence. Nothing can better yield the precise ingredients for the making of a better tomorrow than hope. Tennyson tells us that there are "mighty hopes that make us men" and Thomas Fuller that "we are as great as our hopes." Each language has its proverbs which place hope close to the center of the gifts that are uniquely human.

Mr. Purvis's particular hope, your honor, is that his neighbors in Brooklyn, and indeed, his neighbors throughout the world, may live productive and free lives. He hopes that war and the causes of war can be brought under control. He hopes that this good earth can be made to serve the ends of man, rather than become parched and clotted with human blood. Most specifically, he hopes that the United States will recognize that it is unnatural and evil for world man to live under world anarchy and will take world leadership in defining federalism as a sound and workable basis for world peace. He hopes that other peoples inside the United Nations will respond to this leadership and will press forward behind this great idea.

Mr. Purvis's hopes are not enfeebled because of the probability that Russia might not respond to American leadership on such a level. Mr. Purvis knows that our best chance of reaching the people behind the Curtain is to hold up an idea so vital, so strong, as to start a groundswell of potentially volcanic force. For even should this big idea be rejected time and again, the very persistence with which we advance it will serve to bind together the preponderance of the world's peoples.

These hopes, your honor, can be powerful things once they are awakened in the minds of enough men. Peace—meaningful peace, purposeful peace, vital peace—constitutes the essence of the product behind Mr. Purvis's sign.

Surely, on the eve of Christmas 1952, these hopes are worth our thoughts.

—N. C.

Bookmarks

Not too common, these days, are books with illustrations by the author. We are lucky, in some quarters, to get even books with words by the author.

* * *

A presumed but anonymous member recently returned six "borrowed" soup spoons to the National Press Club in Washington. Newspaper advertising volume being what it is, he has probably bought his own steak knives.

* * *

This week's (also next week's) special hate: Librarians who paste jackets, card-pockets, and date-slips over maps, genealogical tables, or other useful inside-cover material.

* * *

We resolutely ignore books issued by publishers who save a couple of signatures per volume by using a body-type that is tiny to the point of illegibility.

* * *

In 1828 the redoubtable Reverend John Pierpont issued his "National Reader," edited "for the *Common Schools of the United States*" (his italics) and designed to be "what no school book compiled in Great Britain is,—in some degree at least, *American.*" Of his 280 selections, however, only forty-seven were by Americans, so that the eagle did not scream too loud once the preface was passed, though Pierpont did his best by listing the native contributors in small capitals. Authors represented included such tough nuts (from a grade-school point of view) as Addison, Johnson, Webster, Everett, and Pierpont himself (three examples), which is odd choice of company in view of the fact that Pierpont was at pains to indicate the pronunciations of some of the most elementary words, as *birth, canoe, firs, skies, none, islands, group, nothing* (what did he expect —*no-thing*?). Most of his directions, however, are probably a sound guide to American as it was spoken around Boston a century and a quarter ago. *Haunt* was "to rhyme with *aunt*, not with *want*" (but how did Pierpont say *aunt*?). *Strewed* was *strowed*; *series* was a trisyllable; the first syllable of *bivouac* was *bee*; *ate* was *et*; *design* was "*desine*, not *dezine*"; *model* was "*not* (again his italics) *moddle*" (!); and plain *yes* was *yiss*. This last occurs in a citation from Wadsworth, who Reverend Pierpont may have thought said *yiss* as he most certainly said *strowed.*

—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Empty Bellies or Souls?

▶ DANIEL BELL'S review of Ernst's and Loth's "Report on the American Communist" [*SR* Dec. 20] rejects the authors' thesis that the Communist has a "sense of personal inadequacy . . . induced by resentment and strong frustration. . . ."

Bell is correct in holding that such psychological determinism does not explain why *all* insecure persons do not turn Communist and why some seek other forms of revolt. But this does not invalidate the Ernst-Loth proposition that politico-religious movements hostile to the *status quo* appeal to the socially "dis-eased" who can transvaluate their personal hatreds into an acceptable ideology.

This is a classic thesis for which there is empirical evidence and which was wonderfully phrased by the late George Santayana, "Reformers blame the world for being themselves ill fitted to live in it."

Contrary to the pseudo-Marxism of many American editorial writers, it is not so much an empty belly as an empty soul that seeks succor in Communism.

GWYNNE NETTLER.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Voice in the Marketplace

▶ AS ONE OF YOUR DEVOTED readers and reviewers, I have always been interested in your letters-page and more particularly when authors dare to bite back at critics. On the other hand, I know that no one loves the man who carries a grievance. I am writing this letter in behalf of David Loth and myself because we both believe that the purpose of a free press in America is that truth may win out and that truth can win out only if there be diversity of opinion, since complete anonymity of opinion exists only in areas unworthy of comment.

The eminent labor editor of *Fortune*, and an author in his own right, Daniel Bell, did not like at all, if I may use an understatement, "Report on the American Communist," which David Loth and I wrote. I thought that in the pursuit of matching of wits in the marketplace of thought—an intriguing process for the attainment of truth—your readers might like to know that the opinion of the critic selected by *SR* should be read in the light of the editorial of the same week written by his confreres on *Life* magazine urging that Dwight Eisenhower not neglect "Report on the American Communist." Also during the same week Dorothy Thompson, in the lead article in the *Ladies Home Journal*, says: "Every once in a while I pick up a book and exclaim to myself—'Now, at last, here is what I have been waiting for'." This we, with no fake modesty, mention as a reference to our book. In fact, out of scores of critical judgments throughout the nation only one other review, that written by Howard Rushmore, the well-known critic of the New York *Journal-American*, would encourage any reader of the review to stay far away from the book.

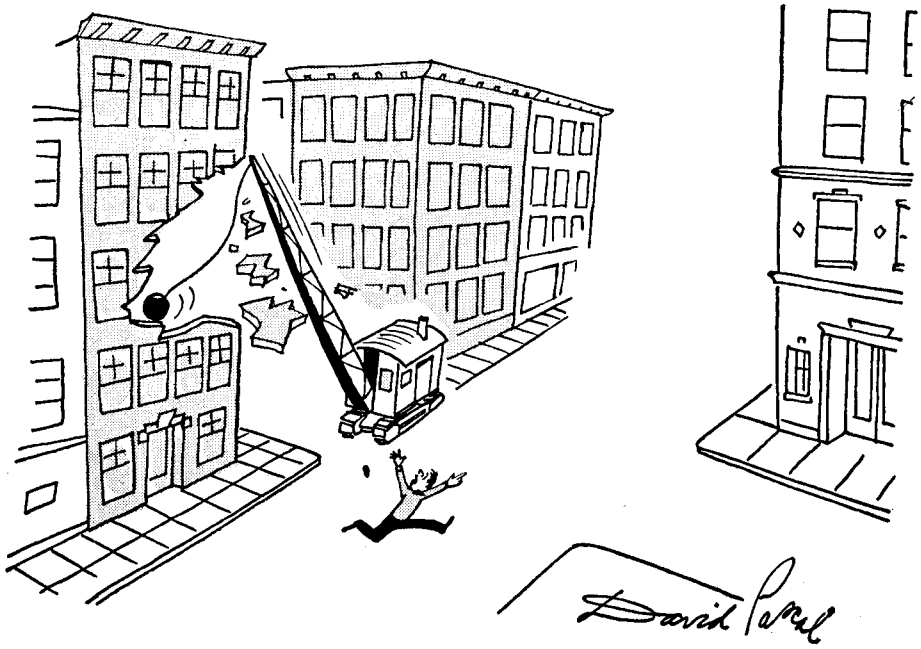
Just because we believe in the thesis enunciated in the volume, we are happy to say that Henry Holt and Company, the publishers, will be glad to supply to those cautious people who would hesitate to look at the volume in the light of the *SR* review a list of eminent Americans including jurists, legislators, authors, psychiatrists, economists, clerics, etc., who have taken a position contrary to *The Saturday Review*.

Because *SR* is the leading medium going to the minds of book readers, we have written this letter for the readers' benefit, and, incidentally, it might be noted that we have not written to the Hearst organizations a similar letter, nor have we had a similar concern for diversity of opinion with respect to the comment printed in a column written by Louis Budenz.

We believe that whether we are right or wrong the readers of *SR* should be put in a position to make a critical judgment of their own based on a comparison of attitudes taken by different reviewers and commentators.

MORRIS L. ERNST.

New York, N.Y.



"No, no, Johnson . . . *that* one!"

The Stolen Pie

▶ IVOR BROWN, in his mellow and sound essay "Christmas, Body & Soul" [*SR* Dec. 20], states that Uncle Pumblechook contributed a pork pie to the Gargery Christmas dinner which was eaten by the Gargerys and their guests. Pardon me, as Mrs. Wilfer used to say to Our Mutual Friend and many others. Neither Uncle Pumblechook nor Mr. Wopsle nor the Hubbles nor anyone in the Gargery household that eventful Christmas ever sank a tooth in that pork pie. Early that morning Pip had stolen out with that pie and other victuals and a file, and had bestowed them on the escaped convict with whom he had had the thrilling encounter on the marsh the afternoon before. It was Abel Magwitch who really got the pork pie.

For an expert Dickensian like Mr. Brown to commit such a lapse is a serious thing and must not go unpunished. Regretfully, I suggest that as a penance he be sentenced to spend a whole evening with Mr. Dombey, Senior, and those two virtuous bores, Agnes Wickfield and Esther Summerson.

FRANK SULLIVAN.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Notes from Prison

▶ I AM GOING to prison. You may wonder what that has to do with literature, and I'll tell you.

I wrote a book, not literature perhaps, but the best I could do. My manuscript was lost when I was arrested. The police discovered my typist's name and decided that she had helped me with some burglaries.

The police said that since I wasn't a selling writer my book-writing project was a mere cover-up for association with the young woman. This charge that I could not write professionally made me so angry that while in jail I wrote several "crime-does-not-pay" letters, one of which was sold to *American Magazine* for $100. Now I ask the police: "Who's not a selling writer?"

HARRY JAMES.

Rochester, N.Y.

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Seeing Things

THE MAN WHO WROTE "THE RIVALS"

"SHERRY is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity, Sir, is not in Nature." With these splenetic words Dr. Johnson once dispatched old Tom Sheridan, lecturer, writer, and actor, and father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

No one, however crabbed his mood, could have described Tom's son in such terms. The brilliance of the author of "The Rivals" was of a kind that invited hyperbole. Of all the eulogies heaped upon him none is more famous than Lord Byron's, "Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do, has been, *par excellence*, always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy, 'The School for Scandal'; the best opera, 'The Duenna'—in my mind far before that St. Giles' lampoon, the 'Beggar's Opera'; the best farce, 'The Critic'—it is only too good for an afterpiece; and the best address, 'The Monologue on Garrick'; and to crown all, delivered the very best oration, the famous Begum speech, ever conceived or heard in this country."

Byron, when he released his superlatives, was thinking of the Sheridan whose public performances had amazed his contemporaries by their genius and versatility. Sheridan's private life was decidedly less dazzling. It was a success story (really two success stories, considering his triumphs in two careers) which had an unhappy ending. After a glittering beginning it became grubby. A. B. Walkley years ago summarized it in these tart terms, "The scapegrace son of an eccentric father and grandson of a *grandpère prodigue*, Sheridan eloped with a public singer, wrote three good plays, mismanaged a great theatre, made a couple of great parliamentary speeches, drank a great deal too much claret and brandy, treated two good wives uncommonly ill, put his trust in a prince, was ruined, and died a broken, starving man." When it comes to Sheridan's having treated the beautiful Elizabeth Ann Linley "uncommonly ill," Walkley wrote contrary to the evidence of the many who have insisted that, in spite of his volatile disposition, Sheridan was a devoted husband. Elsewhere Walkley's summary is as accurate as it is stark.

Just before he died and right after his death, the great world in which Sheridan had moved renewed its recognition of him for a moment. Unfortunately, this moment came as no more than an empty epilogue to a play that had gone to pieces in its last act. The titled friends, who for some time had forgotten him and allowed his creditors to close in, suddenly remembered Sheridan—too late. The public, which had doted on him in his golden years, developed a renewed but tardy affection for him when it learned how shabbily he had been treated in his poverty and illness. There was an elaborate funeral with earls and lords and even two royal dukes present. As a final honor, he was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

That Sheridan merited a place in the Abbey is beyond denial. Whether he himself would have chosen the Poets' Corner is questionable. When he died in his sixty-fifth year on July 7, 1816, his playwriting days (except for "Pizarro," the dreary adaptation he made from Kotzebue just before the century's turn) were far behind him. To be sure, he had been the manager, rather the mismanager, of Drury Lane from 1776 until 1809 when, on a night fatal to his fortunes, the theatre burned. But the center of his interest had long since been transferred from make-believe to the drama of reality. He had been an outstanding member of the House of Commons for thirty-two years (1780-1812), a dramatist for only four (1775-1779).

No orator in an age of great orators was more admired. He spoke frequently on many issues, most of them now forgotten, and again and again showed how uncommon was his eloquence, how effective his wit. He was the private friend and public champion of the Prince Regent. In the first days of the French Revolution he argued with brilliance against English interference. With the same brilliance he opposed the methods being used to abolish the Irish Parliament, and warned Britain of the dangers presented to her by Napoleon. His greatest triumphs as a speaker, however, were achieved during the trial of Warren Hastings.

The passage in which Macaulay sets the stage for those proceedings is one of the most colorful evocations of a dramatic event known to English prose. Yet, even before Sheridan spoke with spectacular success at the trial, he had made in the House the Begum speech referred to by Byron. The impression it produced, says Macaulay, "was such as has never been equaled. He sat down, not merely

—*Culver.*

Mrs. John Drew and Joe Jefferson in "The Rivals"—"the skill with which Sheridan manipulates the obvious."

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amidst cheering, but amidst the loud clapping of hands, in which the Lords below the bar and the strangers in the gallery joined. The excitement of the House was such that no other speaker could obtain a hearing; and the debate was adjourned. . . . Within four and twenty hours, Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds for the copyright of the speech, if he would himself correct it for the press." By common consent at the time and even twenty years later as remembered by so masterful an orator as Fox, Sheridan's Begum speech was the best ever made in the House of Commons.

Because of such triumphs on such a scene Sheridan might have preferred (had he had any choice in the matter) to rest in the Abbey in the company of Fox and Pitt, with whom he had played a major part in the pageant of empire, instead of being placed close to Garrick among the artists and writers. But he would have been wrong. He would have succumbed to the common Philistine fallacy that the man of action is more important than the man of letters. He would have overestimated the abiding qualities of his contributions to politics and underestimated the lasting merits of his comedies. The importance of the real problems he argued in Parliament would have tempted him into believing that his plays were unimportant because their major concern was delight.

The irony of Sheridan's fate is, of course, that the ringing words he spoke in the House are dimly remembered, whereas the best comedies he wrote for his playhouse have continued over the years to be very much alive. "St. Patrick's Day" may now be an almost forgotten farce. "The Duenna," in spite of Byron's praise of it and the high esteem in which it was once held, may be an operetta which is rarely played. "A Trip to Scarborough" may have few admirers. Even "The Critic," notwithstanding its uproarious moments, may be a parody of somewhat special interest. But "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal" are known the world over, and because of them so is Sheridan.

The two comedies are quite different in tone, quality, and approach. Hard as it is to believe, "The Rivals" was written in 1775 when Sheridan was twenty-four, "The School for Scandal" two years later when he had achieved the ripe old age of twenty-six. In Sheridan's case it is necessary to insist that twenty-six was really a venerable age because he had by then matured so incredibly as a comic dramatist.

Everyone knows that England's best comedies are written by Irishmen. At least from Congreve and Farquhar down to Wilde and Shaw, most of the beacon lights of English comedy have been men born or educated in John Bull's other island. Sheridan was no exception. Neither was Goldsmith with whom, rightly or wrongly, he is often linked. The two of them at about the same time dispelled the darkness which had fallen on comic writing in England since Congreve dwindled into being a gentleman after producing in 1700 "The Way of the World," the most sparkling comedy of manners known to the language.

THAT such a darkness had settled for many lean and dreary years, few will deny. The blackout was not complete, but it was oppressive. The moralists had snuffed out the candles which burned so brightly in the decades following the Restoration. Gentility had downed audacity, sentiment replaced wit, and romance become the substitute for disenchantment. The characters, who in Lamb's phrase had got out of Christendom into the land of cuckoldry, had returned to Christendom, forsaking that "Utopia of Gallantry" for a parish of some propriety.

Certainly Goldsmith, when he turned dramatist, first, with "The Good-Natured Man" (1768) and, then, with "She Stoops to Conquer" (1773), did not write in the manner of Etherege, Wycherley, or Congreve. By temperament and endowment he belonged to, and spoke for, an age of greater decorum. He was lighthearted, easy-going, and genial. He was more humorous than witty, and a farceur rather than a comic dramatist. It is somewhat in the Goldsmith tradition that Sheridan, in spite of being a worldling, started his career when he wrote "The Rivals." The proof of his astonishing growth is that within a short two years Sheridan was able, although like Goldsmith the product of the changed values of his times, to write in "The School for Scandal" the play which comes closer than any other later work to Congreve's masterpiece.

The dialogue in "The School for Scandal" may lack the final subtlety and texture of that in "The Way of the World." The comedy may, as Louis Kronenberger has pointed out in "The Thread of Laughter," be concerned with "the imputation of sin" while "of sin itself there is absolutely nothing." Yet its scandalmongers are devastating in their malice; its characters are brilliantly drawn; its observation of society is witty and merciless; Sir Peter and Lady Teazle are two mismated tongue-waggers whose parryings are in the great tradition; and its

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famous "screen scene" remains even now, when unfortified by surprise, a triumphant proof of Sheridan's mastery of stagecraft.

To say that "The Rivals" is a far more innocent comedy, much kinder in its spirit and infinitely simpler in the sources of its amusement, is not to deny its merits. These are as unmistakable as its appeal. So knowing is it in the ways and devices of the stage that it is still astonishing to remember it was the work of a young man who insisted he was "by no means conversant with plays in general either in reading or at the theatre."

There are echoes in "The Rivals," plenty of them, because Sheridan knew more about the theatre than he cared to admit. Nonetheless Sheridan already had a voice of his own. A touch, too. Accordingly, when he made use of the tried and the familiar, he altered or extended them in so fresh and personal a way that the old seems new and the hackneyed acquires the illusion of novelty.

It is not necessary to be a rodent of research to realize that, when Mrs. Malaprop does damage to the dictionary, she is proving that the blood of Dogberry flows in her veins; or to remember that, when the quaking Bob Acres is coerced into a duel, he is following in the footsteps of such earlier stage cowards as Sir Andrew Aguecheek. It is equally easy to spot the other conventional comic dodges which Sheridan presses into service and to note that his characters are types, graduates of "the comedy of humour," each the expression of an outstanding trait, and all oversimplified and blown up large.

But "The Rivals" has never suffered in performance because of these aspects in its writing which win the frowns of intellectuals whose search is only for comedy at its highest. In fact, one of the reasons for the pleasure it has continued to give over the long years is the skill with which Sheridan manipulates the obvious, a feat quite different from the ease with which he handles the subtle and the sophisticated in "The School for Scandal."

TO contend that "The Rivals" remains a delight throughout, even on its own rough-and-tumble level, would be to lie. Few lovers in stage history are more intolerably dull than Faulkland, and few ladies pursued more pallid than Julia. There are plenty of moments, too, when the farcical machinery puffs and sputters and threatens to come to a stop. Even so, the play deserves the place it has won and held as a stage classic. To catalogue its genre of comedy may be hard, but not to enjoy it is harder still.

If in it Sheridan deals with life in Bath, elopements, duels, and romance, it is because he was something of an authority on all these subjects at that time. His family had lived in Bath for several years. He had fallen desperately in love there with the much-courted Elizabeth Ann Linley, eloped with her to France, returned to Bath to fight two bloodless duels with a man who had been forcing his attentions on her, and had recently moved to London with his young wife where he was living in much style, though prophetically beyond his means. In short, when Sheridan wrote "The Rivals," he wrote as a happy man and his happiness is present in almost every line.

That happiness spills across the footlights and is wonderfully contagious. It is to be found in Sheridan's gentle spoofing of Lydia Languish who is romantic enough to think that an elopement is better than a conventional wedding and to prefer poverty to wealth. It is unmistakable no less in Sir Lucius O'Trigger's blustering spirit than in Bob Acres's colorful repertory of oaths and his trembling approach to danger. And no one can miss it in those grave punishments Mrs. Malaprop inflicts upon the dictionary, which remain fun no matter how tattered they may be from repetition.

The Sheridan who wrote "The Rivals" with a light heart also wrote as a man who was that unusual combination, a writer as well as a playwright. Already there are proofs in his dialogue of the rippling command of language and polished style which were to find full expression in "The School for Scandal." Perhaps the most amazing feature of "The Rivals" is that so young a person should in his first play show such a certain instinct for the stage. His comedy is filled with parts that actors in generation after generation have found hard to resist.

"The best terms will grow obsolete," says Bob Acres, explaining his ever-changing oaths. "Damns have had their day." Most comedies age with greater speed than oaths and almost as rapidly as journalism. The final tribute to Sheridan's skill is that "The Rivals" is a period piece which, whenever it has been adequately presented, has continued to please hosts of playgoers in the period in which it was revived.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

The foregoing will be the introduction to an edition of Sheridan's "The Rivals" to be published by the Limited Editions Club.

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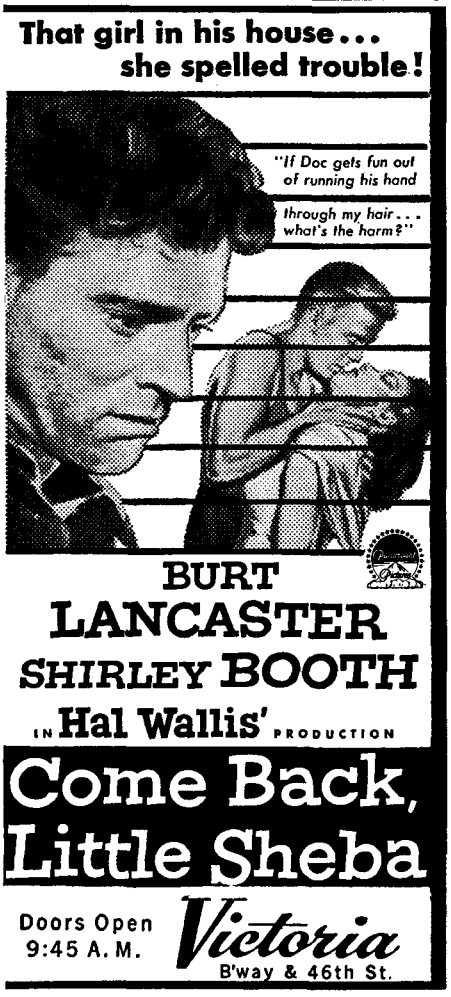
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Broadway Postscript

BETWEEN THE DARK & THE DARK, DARK DARKNESS

IN the light of what has happened between 1934 and the present, the new production of Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour" might better be titled "The McCarthyites' Hour." Yet this too would be a misnomer, for Miss Hellman appears to be less concerned about malicious and irresponsible accusers than she is about the credence given them by "good" and "righteous" people. "The Children's Hour" demonstrates the damage one such righteous person can do when she feels it her duty to take immediate action on the dubious evidence of a child's statement that she has witnessed the two headmistresses of her school in acts of unnatural love.

This demonstration is at its best in the second act, where we watch the child weave her web round the adults. It is at its worst in the third act, when the most interesting character has dropped out, where the dialogue is unable to rise to any poetic intensity, and where the characters seem to act not out of any deep or meaningful motivation, but simply out of the needs of plot. All in all, the proceedings at the Coronet Theatre are sometimes taut and suspenseful, but more often depressing and hard to believe. Could a Lesbian, passionately fond of a girl with whom she has associated day and night for fifteen years, in all that period not at least relate her desire to this girl? Would an intelligent and cultured person whose favorite nephew was about to marry this girl take a drastic action against her on the basis of her granddaughter's lie without first consulting either her nephew or his fiancee? And would the lady, when she finds she was mistaken, sit outside all day in her car, to enter only after the Lesbian has shot herself? These improbabilities, which incidentally are based on an actual occurrence in Great Britain during the early nineteenth century, ring dramatically false in a mid-twentieth-century setting and mark the play as old-fashioned melodrama.

There is, of course, nothing wrong with melodrama, provided that it is well done and that it makes no pretense at being something it is not. Unfortunately, "The Children's Hour," for all its expertly drawn suspense, is filled with puppet characters who in the throes of dramatic climaxes come out with such uninspired utterances as "damn you," or "get out of my house," or "you've done a terrible thing, Aunt Martha." As for pretense, "The Children's Hour" seems to say, as do most of Miss Hellman's plays, "I have shown you that people are really not much better than the dirty situations which they find themselves in, and that if we look at life honestly we will see that it runs pretty much on lies and blackmail." If she really means us to infer this from the play, she will have to stop stacking the cards against her characters.

The playwright has directed this revival in a similarly unfortunate manner. The first two acts, where we would delight in a bit of toying and suspense, she paces very fast. But in the third act, where we would like her to wind things up neatly and quickly, she proceeds with abominable slowness and exaggerated histrionics. In addition she stages scenes of wild emotion in intimate close-ups, which is a bit like poking a lion in a two-by-four cage. Under these circumstances it would hardly be fair to condemn the actors. Suffice to say that Iris Mann, Patricia Neal, Kim Hunter, and Katherine Emmet have all performed well enough in the past so that their careers will not be permanently damaged by what they are doing in this production.

Howard Bay's second-act set is a stunner, and if he ever has any trouble working in the theatre I would recommend him without hesitation to a firm that manufacturers wallpaper. As for Miss Hellman, I would respectfully suggest that she stop doubling as the director of her own plays. *One* relentless and uncompromising Lillian Hellman is enough for any mortal to take in an evening at the theatre.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR Goes to the Movies

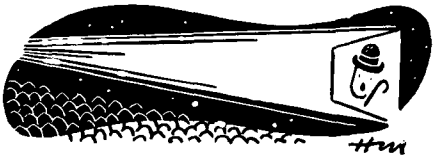
PLAYS INTO FILM

WHEN "The Member of the Wedding" opened for its stage run I got the impression from the reviews and from comment about it that it was not really a play, but something else. There was practically a chorus of "buts" about it. These "buts"—it was intimated—would force its closing soon. It wasn't "well-made"; it wasn't "tightly constructed"; it was "fragmentary." Now, after a long and highly successful run, and after winning the New York Critics's Circle award, a movie has been made from it by the Stanley Kramer Company. I happened to overhear some comments about the movie, and damned if I didn't hear more "buts." Most prevalent of the complaints was the one about it's not being really a movie, but something in the nature of a photographed play. I am just as concerned as the next man about a movie being really a movie, but before going into the matter in connection with "The Member of the Wedding," let me make clear that as a play I liked it fine, and as a movie I also like it fine. When a literary work touches and charms and moves, as this one does, then I take it that the form, no matter what the canons it fails to adhere to, is an adequate and successful one.

In a good many respects "The Member of the Wedding," in the screen treatment by Edward and Edna Anhalt and under the direction of Fred Zinneman, does resemble the play. That is, the structure of the play has been pretty well followed, and the prominent members of the Broadway cast—Julie Harris, Ethel Waters, and Master Brandon de Wilde—appear in the movie. It is true that certain of the scenes are enacted in the movie very similarly to the way they were done on the stage. But with a difference: the close-up, so impossible of attainment in the living theatre, has been utilized to the great advantage of the work and the acting. If it is true, as Mrs. Carson McCullers has stated, that this is "an inward kind of play," then how helpful to have the camera studying the marvelous mobility of Julie Harris's face, the sensitivity of her bodily movements as she enacts the lonely girl of not yet thirteen who has suddenly realized that "all people belong to a 'we' except me." Julie Harris is someone rare to watch, and it seems to me in the nature of a public service to have her extraordinary performance preserved on film. What Ethel Waters does is a lovely thing to watch too, and Brandon de Wilde continues to show that he is a remarkable boy actor, one quite removed from the usual Hollywood monstrosity who is either sickish sweet or too cute for words.

In addition to the new intimacy of the performances there are scenes that were not in the play at all, but derive rather from the novel: Frankie wandering through the garish quarter of her town and encountering a soldier just as lonely as she who would settle for the scrawny girl in lieu of someone else; Frankie, determined to accompany her brother and his bride on their wedding journey and having to be dragged from their car with the consequent public humiliation. All that was true and touching in the play has been retained, and where the camera, by its freer play, is able to add depth and solidity, it does so. That Mr. Zinneman does not use all those capable tricks and devices of his "High Noon" would seem to be quite understandable. "The Member of the Wedding" is a threnody on loneliness, an intimate story and one of small compass. He has kept his movie intimate and delicate; where it falters is in that area where the play seemed most insubstantial, an odd sub-plot involving the foster son of the Negro housekeeper. But this structural uncertainty does not last for long, and the movie seems to me a most refreshing contribution to the season.

OSCAR WILDE'S "The Importance of Being Earnest" would seem to present almost insuperable obstacles to a transference to the screen. Its satire is dated, the polish of its famed wit has dulled; its story seems utterly contrived and frivolous, if it ever seemed anything else. It has become over the years a vehicle for stylized acting of the high drawing-room variety, and it is this specialized virtue that Anthony Asquith, the director of the J. Arthur Rank production, has capitalized upon. The cast he assembled is a glittering one. Dame Edith Evans plays her classic Lady Bracknell, Margaret Rutherford is Miss Prism, who thoughtlessly left the wrong suitcase, containing a baby called Ernest, in a London railway station, and Michael Redgrave is Ernest grown to manhood, operating under the assumption that he bears the mediocre name of John. All of these people are eminently suited for their Wilde characterizations. Joan Greenwood is an unusual though charming Gwendolyn Fairfax, and Michael Denison handsomely plays the devilish (by the standards of those days) Algernon Moncrieff.



Everyone concerned seems to have discarded the notion that the play may have grown stale, and they enact their personages as though there was nothing better worth doing in life. In fact, they work so hard at it that now and then there is an awareness of the strain and effort necessary to keep the whole unstable structure of mistaken identities and Victorian notions from collapsing. All but Oscar Wilde devotees and scholars will have to take the story at its face value, for its satiric impishness must necessarily relate to the types and customs of another time, What is left are some gems of acting performances, some dazzling costuming, and the rather dessicated lines of Oscar Wilde, all of it bathed in that pleasant British Technicolor.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SR Recommends

The Member of the Wedding: Reviewed in this issue.

The Bad and the Beautiful: Hollywood looks at itself in a film notable for first-rate acting, particularly by Lana Turner. (*SR* Jan. 3.)

Come Back, Little Sheba: Shirley Booth's magnificent Hollywood debut as the slovenly, adolescent-minded housewife of William Inge's play. (*SR* Dec. 27.)

Face to Face: Joseph Conrad, Stephen Crane, and Hollywood collaborate here in a highly valuable "duo-drama." (*SR* Dec. 20.)

Two Cents' Worth of Hope: Life in an Italian village, imaginatively re-created by director Castellani. (*SR* Dec. 13.)

Forbidden Games: A memorable exploration into the child's world, filmed in France. (*SR* Dec. 6.)

Breaking through the Sound Barrier: By no means a conventional "space-opera," this drama is given the benefit of a magnificent performance by Sir Ralph Richardson. (*SR* Nov. 22.)

Life Begins Tomorrow: Sartre, Gide, Corbusier, and Rostand beg for peace while showing off their latest projects in this French "documentary." (*SR* Nov. 22.)

Limelight: Chaplin's new film, hailed by some as a masterpiece, criticized by others as sentimental and banal, but well worth seeing at either evaluation. (*SR* Oct. 25.)

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TV and Radio

THE COMIC SPIRIT

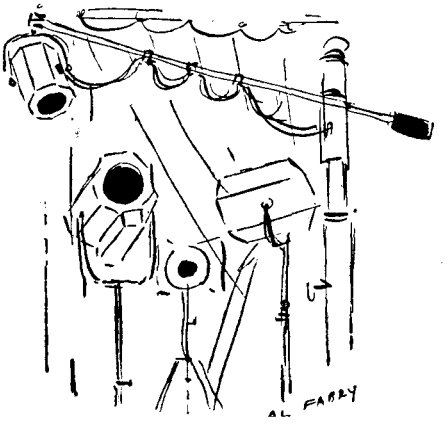
UNDERPINNING the "Colgate Comedy Hour" is the fundamentalist principle that as different people find different comedians funny you can be sure of pleasing everybody by rotating a lot of comedians one after the other. Beginning about now you can see Bob Hope every four weeks on a program which has also brought Abbott and Costello, Donald O'Connor, Martin and Lewis, and Eddie Cantor, a collection of comedians which certainly prepared no one for the appearance of a true and great comic spirit in the person of Ray Bolger.

I cannot go back in my memory to any time that Ray Bolger was less than wonderful, and seeing him a few weeks ago I felt as I did when I first saw the other great man, Durante, taking the new art in his personal stride—felt, that is, that nothing essential to this exuberant talent would have to be sacrificed, that television was right for him and he for television. And this was followed by a sort of prophetic pang, for Durante is still in all probability the greatest comic spirit of our time, but television has not kept up with him. Bolger is very close to him in talent; he is without a definite schedule of appearances; he has a multitude of routines to draw upon—and I hope he survives the ordeal.

Bolger sang, acted a little, and danced. That the first two were attractive is purely a tribute to his personality; his dancing was as it has been for years, superlatively good, even when he did his soft-shoe dance with "taps." He did a sort of song-and-dance parody of contemporary styles, and as I missed the introduction, fishing in the muddy waters of another network for a moment, I knew only that his companion was doing a remarkably good job of adapting herself to his tricky tempi—and then at the end discovered that she was Risë Stevens, who had been awkwardly presented before (but had sung beautifully). I understood then that Bolger had been creating an atmosphere all along, the air in which his kind of comedy naturally lived.

Neither this program nor the "All-Star Revue," which is built on the same principle (a grab-bag of comedians and see what you get), is produced with exceptional skill. Acts are set up elaborately, almost as if someone had to apologize or explain why a dancer dances or a singer sings; there is a lack of finish. But Bolger seemed to turn this maladroit and heavy approach to his own purposes. He was as simple as anyone could wish, and then, by contrast, he put his hand out, a hat or an umbrella floated from nowhere into his grasp, and you felt that there wasn't any "production," there was just Bolger getting what he needed to be Bolger. At the end he sang "Once in Love with Amy" as he had done it on the stage, asking the studio audience to join in, rattling off the lines in advance, but not for a minute forgetting that his audience, his true audience, was at home. He was using the people in the studio as a sample and representative body—confident that the people at home were joining in too.

All through I had the feeling that, quite apart from the technical brilliance of the dancing, I was seeing something special. At the end Bolger said it was his first appearance, so I rationalized my emotions and said he had not been spoiled. The individual sweetness which he has always brought to his performances was as



fresh as ever; he was not dulled by routine. I am convinced that this is partly right, but far from sure that it is the whole truth.

Comedy in broadcasting has two separate, sometimes contradictory, elements: the human being making the comedy (of which Durante is the supreme type) and the character created by this human being (Jack Benny's miser or fall guy). At her best, Gracie Allen makes the identification so complete that you cannot, and don't care to, separate the parts; in her weaker moments, Lucille Ball separates them so that you feel "now she's impersonating a character." A stern critic would say that we should never be aware of the actor—but he would be a critic of the theatre, not of the broadcast arts. In these, no matter what the theorists say, the human being, the "personality," counts.

The trouble is that when writers and producers begin to repeat situations and gags, they multiply the activity of the created character and proportionately diminish the strength of the personality. Human beings are "all of a piece" and do repeat themselves, but they grow stronger because they make the vital contact with reality. Broadcast comedy deprives its people of this touch of nature. They are in contact with artifice. Their routines are as good as ever (except that the sophisticated observer foretells them), but the temperament that led them to choose one kind of comedy rather than another, to create one type of character and not another, is steadily diluted. Their material remains the same; they themselves grow inferior.

BUT that is true only on the surface. They are capable of their finest work. Like all of us, in different ways, they have to fight for their integrity, which, in their case, is the wholeness of their talent. The natural thing for a producer (representing the large investment of a sponsor) is to analyze a program and to concentrate, next time, on the elements that went over best: Skelton's hats, perhaps, or Milton Berle's transvestiture. In the fulness of time (which may be several years) these things grow stale for even the dullest audiences, and the brighter part of the audience ought not to complain if it tires a little sooner. The disastrous effect of concentration on the conspicuous trick, the gag that has to occur on every program, is that the comedian becomes little more than an amalgam of bits. He is lost under his material.

This can happen to the best of comedians. On lower levels of excellence the process is faster and is complicated by pressure on the comedians to repeat the successful bits of their rivals which, often enough, are unsuitable. Under this treatment the essential man, of whom the comedian is only a part, disappears.

The delight when a new man like Bolger arrives comes to us because the whole integrated person is apparent even in the slightest bit he performs, so that you laugh at his comedy and rejoice in all of him. You feel yourself in the presence of a person and of an event. It is wonderful, and it reminds you, as we now need at times to be reminded, that television is wonderful, too.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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Music to My Ears

THE ENGLISH "BOHÈME"—STRAVINSKY'S CANTATA—ALBANESE AS TOSCA

AS A preview of the "Bohème"-in-Italian to come, the Met's first showing of the production designed by Rolf Gerard, staged by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, and conducted by Alberto Erede served some valuable purposes, whether regarded as a public lighting rehearsal, a run-through with audience of the Mankiewicz stage effects, or a probing ground for Erede to consolidate his concepts of tempi and phrasing. Certainly this was a better production of "Bohème" than any of us had seen at the Met for a long time; the action had plan and character, the orchestral score matched its possibilities closer than in many a dutiful night.

Had Rudolf Bing chosen to launch this venture in the old-fashioned way, we might today be talking about a livelier, cleaner, more satisfying "Bohème" than standees-become-boxholders could remember. But the decision was to give the right of way to a performance with the new English text of Howard Dietz, thus compromising three elements of solid virtue by one that was without question a distinct liability.

What this translator succeeded well in doing with "Fledermaus"—finding a vocabulary, a tone, a set of verbal values that complemented the accent and flow of the music—he did not achieve with "Bohème." Obviously, he was being held to a stricter accountability, for even those with little Italian know half the text of "Bohème" while many with a fondness for Strauss know little of the text by Haffner and Genée. Whatever the measurement, however, Dietz did not provide an acceptable *quid pro quo*. "Che bella bambina" says Rodolfo of Mimi in the Italian; "She really is lovely" says Rodolfo of Mimi in this English—which is quite a different character in quite a different vein. Even when one was carried away by the music and some stretch of felicitous wordage (as in "Mi chiamano Mimi") the charm of such a light gesture as her apologetic "Che la vien fuori d'ora a importunare" became a thunderous anticlimax in Dietz's prosaic "In the dark I happen to lose my door key."

In its more durable aspects (for it is hard to believe this kind of opera-in-English will long try the patience of the Metropolitan opera-goers) the new "Bohème" showed Gerard capable of a lively solution of the second-act problem, an atmospheric one for the "Barriera d'Enfer," and a plausible garret (considering the acreage of Metropolitan stage that needs filling whenever the curtains part). By setting the Café Momus at the apex of a triangle, with streets angling off, the dramatic action was cleverly concentrated, while leaving plenty of room for the coming and going of Parpignol, the street band, etc. One may wonder whether Algerian rug peddlers were plying their trade in the 1830's, but the crowd was otherwise believable, suitably colorful in dress and demeanor. Neither of the other sets had such striking suitability, but they functioned.

I was not aware of any special emphasis in the action that could be associated with Mankiewicz's back-

ground in the films, save a parallel for the "fadeout" technique in his curtain tableaux. Three of these were good, but the one bad one—at the end of Act I—so falsified the plain intent of the libretto as to be quite unacceptable. Traditionally—as the composer specified—the lovers move offstage with the last strains of their duet, which dies away in the distance. Mankiewicz chose to have them pause in the doorway, as the curtain drops, which is a change, if no improvement. However, to have Rodolfo slyly kick the door shut, while he remains in the room with Mimi, is an innuendo not tolerable, inasmuch as she has clearly told him to make haste slowly. "Will you come back with me later?" he has just asked. "Depending," answers Mimi, in the Dietz text. To have the words paint one picture and the action another makes mere twaddle of the concept that an English text helps to understand the action. Here the two went in opposite directions. Mimi was a flighty girl, but she was practical; a bonnet and the dinner first, please!

As in last year's "Così," Bing went to some pains to provide the English text with a cast qualified to speak it clearly as well as sing it well. Beginning with Nadine Conner as a small but clear-voiced Mimi and ranging to Jerome Hines as an imposing if rather pallid Colline, the major roles were all sung by Americans—Richard Tucker (Rodolfo), Robert Merrill (Marcello), Clifford Harvuot (Schaunard), and Patrice Munsel (Musetta). Nativity, of course, does not guarantee intelligibility; but even Miss Munsel, whose English enunciation is celebrated, couldn't make herself understood more than half the time. The others, lacking such resource, floundered more often than they soared. One's largest regret about this was that in some stretches where the words did not get in their way, the sextet showed itself capable of an unusually suave ensemble sound.

My conjecture is that Gerard's settings will look better in Italian, as will Mankiewicz's action. Traditionally, a director seeks to put his best forward in a new production; linking these solid assets to the rather faltering feet of the Dietz lyrics left one with a sense of indirection, hesitation, and—too often—mere misdirection.

* * *

To say that I understood every note of the new "Cantata on Anonymous Elizabethan Poems" which Igor Stravinsky conducted at his recent appearance at the New Friends of Music would be more than a misstatement; it would be a presumption. Plainly, the kind of tonal facture practised by Stravinsky in such an intricate section as "The Maidens Came" (sung by Jennie Tourel) or even more in "Tomorrow Shall Be" (sung by Hugues Cuenod) could not be absorbed at first contact; I cannot say, however, that either stimulated a strong desire for a second hearing.

Adding to my personal bafflement was the pervasive charm of the recurrent "Dirge" for female chorus and instrumental quintet. If we can perceive Stravinsky's purpose so clearly in its beguiling outline, what is at fault elsewhere—our perceptions or the purpose? I cannot tell, but time will. What could be told at once was that neither Tourel nor Cuenod had the kind of enunciation (in English) to make one confident that the lack of intelligibility was the fault of the setting rather than the performers. I admire the musicianship they provided, collectively, for a difficult task;

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but I did not think their other attributes beyond improvement. A new version of the "Concertino" and a suite from "L'Histoire du Soldat" gave the full house of listeners ample opportunity to honor this living symbol of music's continuity.

* * *

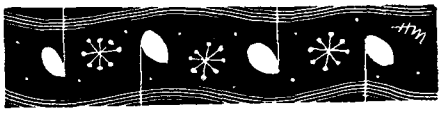
The difference between physical size and dramatic stature was made abundantly clear by Licia Albanese when she sang her first Tosca anywhere at the Metropolitan recently. A smallish Mimi and a petite Butterfly, Albanese used the artifices of a substantial career to make herself a believable figure from first to last. Should she revise her costuming to fit herself as well as the character, she would be both picturesque and a Tosca.

Those who value vocal workmanship found much to admire in Albanese's approach to this problem. Nuance and coloration were both called upon to give her expression of love for Mario one timbre, her hatred of Scarpia another (an elementary principle, to be sure, but one hardly honored by recent Toscas at the Metropolitan). The venom in her spoken "Assassino" and the supplication in her "Vissi d'arte" both had the ring of authority. Thanks to the communicative power she possesses, Albanese, though too small for the part and without the vocal endowment it asks, was, nevertheless, Tosca.

Pairing Albanese with the musicianly Jan Peerce as Cavaradossi (no towering figure, either) was a favor to both, but the performance received an unexpected lift from the replacement of Paul Schoeffler by Robert Weede as Scarpia. The latter's comings and going have been something of a Metropolitan mystery, for the quality of his voice and the artistry with which it is used are far from common. This was a coming which should ensure his staying for some time, for the sound was excellent, the style apropos. He was somewhat sung out halfway through "Mi dicon venal," which may be attributed to an all-out effort to improve the sudden opportunity. Given reasonable chance, Weede could play his vocal cards as cunningly as he did his dramatic ones, with substantial advantage to Puccini and the Metropolitan.

The conductor Fausta Cleva made his presence felt with a strongly shaped, warmly colored direction of Puccini's score.

—Irving Kolodin.



EXCELLENCE and variety are conspicuous qualities of the anthology, "Great French Short Novels" (Dial Press, $5), edited with an introduction and notes by F. W. Dupee. Here are Flaubert's short and terrible masterpiece, "The Legend of Saint Julian the Hospitaller"; Malraux's "The Conquerors," a vivid first-hand account of the Canton general strike of 1925, in which fact and fiction mingle on equal terms; Stendhal's romantic confection, "Vanina Vanini"; three episodes from Paul Morand's witty best-seller of the 1920's, "Open All Night"; Balzac's humorously compassionate tale of Mlle. Cormon, "The Old Maid"; Barbey d'Aurevilly's "Happiness in Crime," one of Barbey's best, in which he makes his narrator, cynical Dr. Torty, smile at moralists while he tells a story of wedded bliss founded upon murder; Diderot's farcical-philosophical dialogue, "Rameau's Nephew"; Zola's "Captain Burle," a study of military honor and dishonor that displays a perfection of form rarely found in Zola's work; and Alfred de Vigny's "The Malacca Cane," an old soldier's reminiscences of the Napoleonic wars, and a narrative that is almost certainly, as Mr. Dupee suggests, "too panoramic for its small dimensions." Whether some of these fictions might better be described as short stories, rather than as novels, is unimportant; they display an affluence of talent, represent an editorial judgment that is catholic, and provide an abundance of literary entertainment. In the field of translation, Mr. Dupee's own version of "Saint Julian" deserves the highest praise, and Jacques Barzun has dealt skilfully with the difficulties of "Rameau's Nephew"—but I think he errs in making the most Parisian of parasites talk of dollars and cents and "two-bits," instead of having him stick to his native monetary system.

The new edition of Ozenfant's "Foundations of Modern Art" (Dover, $6) makes once more readily available the most original, liveliest, and stimulating study of modern esthetics that I know. Ozenfant—exponent of Purism, which succeeded Cubism—is an artist-philosopher whose Gallic wit often sparkles deceptively above a depth of thought and a rare penetration of insight; he is an esthetician who numbers science, religion, and philosophy among the arts, as well as literature, painting, sculpture, music, and architecture; and his commitment to the art of our times is fortified by an abiding awareness of man's history.

Wit and wisdom have cooperated, too, in the selection of the numerous illustrations that support the text; they often emphasize a truth by making us underline it with a smile. Dover is also in the course of publishing a new edition of Maurice de Wulf's "History of Medieval Philosophy," of which the first volume ($4), "from the beginnings to the end of the twelfth century," is now ready, with two more volumes to come. The value of this lucid, authoritative survey is greatly enhanced by useful bibliographies.

Additions to the handsome "Oxford Trollope, Crown Edition" are "The Prime Minister" (2 vols. $8.50), and "The Warden" ($3.50). The first has a preface, by the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, that I find unduly condemnatory; for I agree with Trollope that he succeeded in his attempt to make Planty Pall and Lady Glencora growing, changing characters, and I think that "The Prime Minister" is thoroughly enjoyable when read in its place in the Palliser group. "The Warden," of course, is the first and simplest of the Barsetshire novels; and the present edition contains an introduction to the whole series—stressing its appeal "to a nostalgic age like our own"—by one of the most honored of Trollopians, Ronald Knox. A new title in the "New Oxford Illustrated Dickens" is "Our Mutual Friend" ($3), with forty drawings by Marcus Stone, printed from remade plates, and an introduction in which E. Salter-Davies points to the novel's artistic form and felicity of language.

From the Heritage Press comes an attractive edition of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" ($5), chief mystery of the world for all true Dickensians, learnedly introduced and edited by Vincent Starrett—who indicates the passages which he thinks Dickens wished to delete from the finished version—and admirably illustrated by Everett Shinn. Other new Heritage books ($5 each) are Wilde's "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," with appropriate gravure-lithographs by Zhenya Gay, and "Singular Adventures of Baron Munchausen," vivaciously illustrated by Fritz Kredel.

—Ben Ray Redman.

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IS OUR COMMON MAN TOO COMMON?

(*Continued from page 9*)

possible, we make his commonness a virtue and, even in the case of candidates for high office, we sometimes praise them for being nearly indistinguishable from the average man in the street. Secretly, no doubt, we hope that they are somehow superior, but we feel at the same time that a kind of decency requires them to conceal the fact as completely as possible.

The logical extreme of this opinion would be the conviction that any deviation in either direction from the statistical average is unadmirable; even, to take a concrete example, that the ideal man or woman could best be represented, not by an artist's dream, but by a composite photograph of the entire population. And though few would explicitly acknowledge their acceptance of this extreme position, there is a very strong tendency to emphasize quantitative rather than qualitative standards in estimating achievement. We are, for instance, more inclined to boast how many Americans go to college than to ask how much the average college education amounts to; how many people read books rather than how good the books are; how many listen to the radio rather than how good what they hear from it really is.

ARGUE, as I myself have argued, that more can be learned about almost any subject from ten minutes with a printed page than from half an hour with even one of the better educational programs and you will be met with the reply: "Perhaps. But so many *more* people will listen to the radio." In a democracy quantity is important. But when the stress upon it becomes too nearly exclusive, then democracy itself threatens to lose its promise of moving on to higher levels. Thus the Good really can become the enemy of the Best if one insists upon exclusively quantitative standards.

Certainly one of the striking—some would say one of the inevitable—characteristics of our society is its penchant for making widely and easily accessible either substitutes for, or inferior versions of, a vast number of good things, like the vile substitute for bread available at any grocers. That bread can be come by without effort, and it may be true that fewer people are in want of bread of some kind than ever were in want of it in any society before. But that does not change the fact that it is a very inferior product.

Another and related tendency of this same society is its encouragement of passivity. A generation ago moralists viewed with alarm the popularity of "spectator sports": the fact that people gathered in stadia to watch others play games for them. But we have gone far beyond that and today the baseball fan who takes the trouble to make a journey to the Polo Grounds instead of watching the game on his TV set has almost earned the right to call himself an athlete. One wonders, sometimes, if the popularity of "discussion" programs does not mean very much the same thing; if most people have not now decided to let others hold remote conversations for them—as well as play remote games—even though the conversations are often no better than those they could hold for themselves.

As John Stuart Mill—certainly no anti-democrat—wrote a century ago: "Capacity for the nobler feeling is in most natures a very tender plant. . . . Men lose their high aspirations as they lose their intellectual tastes, because they have not time or opportunity for indulging them; and they addict themselves to inferior pleasures, not because they deliberately prefer them, but because they are either the only ones to which they have access, or the only ones which they are any longer capable of enjoying."

IN the history books of the future this age of ours may come to be known as the Age of Statistics. In the biological and physical as well as the sociological sciences, statistics have become, as they never were before, the most important tool of investigation. But as every philosophical scientist knows, the conclusions drawn by a science depend to a considerable extent upon the tools used. And it is in the nature of statistics not only that they deal with quantity but that they emphasize the significance of averages and medians. What usually exists or usually happens establishes The Law, and The Law is soon thought of as identical with The Truth. In all the arts, nevertheless, it is the exceptional and the unpredictable which really count. It is the excellent, not the average, which is really important. And there is, therefore, one aspect of the cultural condition of a civilization to which statistical study is curiously inappropriate.

No one, it may be said, needs to accept the inferior substitute or hold himself down to the average level. But simple and complete as that answer may seem to be, there are facts and forces which do tend to encourage an almost unconscious acceptance of mediocrity. One, of course, is that the inferior substitute—whether it be baker's bread or the movie show playing at the neighborhood house—is so readily accessible and so forced upon one's attention by all the arts of advertising as well as by the very way in which our lives have been organized. Another and more serious one is the tendency of the mass media to force out of the field every enterprise which is not based upon mass appeal. Whatever the reason may be, it is a generally recognized fact that it is becoming increasingly difficult, economically, to publish a book which is not a best seller or produce a play which is not a smash hit. More and more, therefore, artistic enterprise must be abandoned to the movies and to television where the mass audience is sufficient to defray the staggering cost.

Besides these economic reasons why the new media tend to concern themselves only with mass appeals, there is the additional technical reason why the two newest of such media tend to confine themselves to it. Since TV and radio channels are limited in number, all the arguments in favor of democracy as it is sometimes defined justify the existing fact that these channels should be used to communicate what the greatest number of people seem to want. That is the argument of the great broadcasting chains, and on the premise assumed it is a valid one.

The only mechanical instrument of communication which can make a reasonable case for the claim that it has actually served to increase the popularity of the thing communicated on its highest level of excellence is the phonograph, and it is significant that the phonograph is the only such device for communication which—especially since the invention of tape recording and LP—has found it economically feasible to cater to relatively small minorities. The fact that it does not cost much to produce a record may well have an incalculably great effect upon American musical taste.

What the question comes down to in the simplest possible terms is one of those which we asked at the very beginning of this discussion: Can we

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have an Age of the Common Man without having also an Age of the Common Denominator? That question has not been answered, probably cannot be convincingly answered, at the present moment. But it is a fateful question and the one with which this discussion is concerned.

One must not, of course, idealize the past to the extent of assuming that the best works were always, inevitably, and immediately the most popular. Two years ago James D. Hart's thorough and amusing "The Popular Book" (Oxford University Press) demonstrated conclusively that since colonial times there have always been absurd best sellers. The year that Hawthorne earned $144.09 royalty in six months was the year his own publisher paid Susan Warner $4,500 for the same period and another publisher sold 70,000 copies of one of Fanny Fern's several works.

Neither, I think, should it be supposed that any society ever has been or ever will be so organized as to favor exclusively the highest artistic excellence. As a system, aristocratic patronage is absurdly capricious; capitalistic democracy tends to favor vulgarity; Socialism would probably favor official mediocrity. The question here is not whether contemporary America provides ideal conditions for cultural developments on the highest level, but whether it renders such development unusually difficult instead of making it, as the optimists insist, almost inevitable.

OF the unfavorable influences which I have mentioned, it seems to me that the most serious is the tendency to confuse the Common Denominator with a standard of excellence. The mechanical and economic facts which tend to give the purveyers of mediocrity a monopoly—highly developed in the case of radio and TV, probably growing in the publishing business—may possibly be changed by new developments, as they have already been changed in the case of the phonograph. But to confuse The Best with the most widely and the most generally acceptable is to reveal a spiritual confusion which is subtle and insidious as well as fundamental. It could easily nullify any solution of the mechanical and economic problems created by the age of mass production.

How real and how general does this confusion seem actually to be?

More than one sociologist has recently pointed out that as technology integrates larger and larger populations into tighter and tighter groups the members of these groups tend inevitably to work, live, and recreate themselves in the same way and in accordance with the standardized patterns which the facilities provided for these various activities lay down. For ill as well as for good, "community living" becomes more and more nearly inevitable and individual temperament or taste finds less and less opportunity to express itself.

One result of this is that the natural tendency of the adolescent to practise a desperate conformity is prolonged into adult life and the grown man continues to want what his neighbors have, to do what his neighbors do, to enjoy what his neighbors enjoy. This is one of the things which the European may have in mind when he calls us a nation of adolescents, and commercial interests take advantage of our adolescent characteristics by stressing, through all sorts of publicity, the fact that this is the kind of cigarette most people smoke, the kind of breakfast food most people eat, and the torch singer or crooner most people like. The best-selling book is not only the one easiest to buy, but it is also the one we must read unless we are willing to be made to seem somehow inferior. What is most popular must be best. As a broadcast official recently said, to call the most popular radio programs vulgar is to call the American people vulgar. And that, he seemed to imply, was not merely nonsense but pretty close to treason. The voice of the people is the voice of God. God loves the common man. If the common man loves Bob Hope then God must love Bob Hope also. In musical taste as in everything else the common man is divine.

It is this logic which, unfortunately, the purveyors to the mass audience are very prone to follow. Undoubtedly, it leads them to the line of least resistance at the same time that it provides them with a smug excuse for both inanity and vulgarity. They are, they say, servants of the public and have no right to doubt that the people know not only what they want but what is good for them. The age of the common man has no place for any holier-than-thou attitude. It believes in government "by" as well as "for" the people. Totalitarianism is what you get when you accept the "for" but not the "by," and the attitude of, for example, the British Broadcasting Company, with its notorious Third Program, merely demonstrates that England has not yet learned what democracy really means.

No doubt the questions involved are too complicated to be discussed here. A few years ago, Charles A. Siepmann in his "Radio, Television, and

Your Literary I.Q.

THE BELLS ARE RINGING

Conducted by John T. Winterich

Bells have tinkled merrily or tolled mournfully throughout the course of literature. Nan Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, asks you to identify the following examples. Allowing five points for each author and five for each title, one may regard a score of sixty as average, seventy good, and eighty excellent. Answers on page 41.

1. He gives his harness bells a shake
   To ask if there is some mistake.
2. . . . assembled was this companye
   In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
   That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
3. Time and the bell have buried the day.
4. How! bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and bell.
   Forward and backward to curse Faustus to hell.
5. Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind, and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.
6. She bicycled down to the doctor
   And rang the surgery bell.
7. When the merry bells ring 'round
   And the jocund rebecs sound.
8. What loud uproar bursts from the door.
   The wedding guests are there. . . .
   And hark the little vesper bell,
   Which biddeth me to prayer!
9. Twilight and evening bell,
   And after that the dark.
10. Let us all ring fancy's knell.
    I'll begin it.—Ding, dong, bell.

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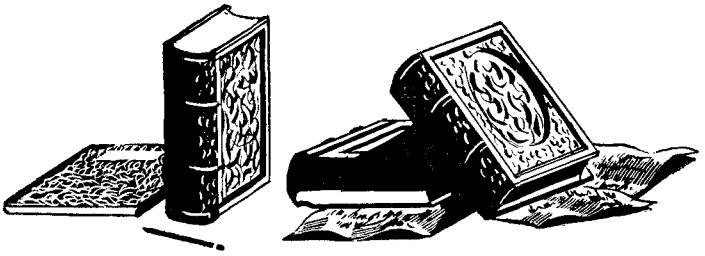
Society" fully and impartially reported on both the policies and the arguments as they affect the media with which he was dealing. But at least one conclusion seems obvious. If there is any such thing as responsibility on the part of those most powerful and best informed towards those whose appetites they feed, then no provider of movies or records or television programs can escape the minimal duty of giving his public the best rather than the worst it will stand for. Mr. Mencken once declared that no one had ever gone bankrupt by underestimating the taste of the American public, but there is an increasing tendency to believe that, by dint of long trying, certain commercial exploiters of the mass media have succeeded only too well in underestimating it considerably.

WHAT is obviously called for is a public opinion less ready than it now is to excuse the failure to meet even minimal responsibilities; but that public opinion is not likely to arise unless those responsible for public thinking play their own parts, and there is a tendency for them to yield rather than protest. Unfortunately, the fanatical exaltation of the common denominator has been taken up not only by the common man himself and by those who hope to profit by his exploitation but also and increasingly by those who are supposed to be educators and intellectual leaders. Instead of asking "What would a good education consist of?" many professors of education are asking "What do most college students want?"; instead of asking "What books are wisest and best and most beautiful?" they conduct polls to determine which the largest number of students have read with least pain. Examination papers are marked, not in accordance with any fixed standard, but in accordance with a usual level of achievement; the amount of work required is fixed by the amount the average student does; even the words with which the

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 980)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON:
INTELLECT

Our thinking is a pious reception. Our truth of thought is vitiated as much by too violent direction given by our will, as by too great negligence. We do not determine what we will think. We only open our senses, . . . and suffer the intellect to see.



average student is not familiar are edited out of the books he is given to read. How, granted such methods, is it other than inevitable both that the average will seldom be exceeded and that the average itself will gradually drop?

As David Reisman and his collaborators pointed out two years ago in their brilliant analysis called "The Lonely Crowd" (Yale University Press), the ideal now persistently held before the American citizen from the moment he enters kindergarten to the time when he is buried under the auspices of a recognized funeral parlor is a kind of conformity more or less disguised under the term "adjustment." "Normality" has almost completely replaced "Excellence" as an ideal. It has also rendered all but obsolescent such terms as "Righteousness," "Integrity," and "Truth." The question is no longer how a boy ought to behave but how most boys do behave; not how honest a man ought to be but how honest men usually are. Even the Robber Baron, who represented an evil manifestation of the determination to excel, gives way to the moneymaker who wants only to be rich according to the accepted standards of his group. Or, as Mr. Reisman sums it up, the American who used to be conspicuously "inner-directed" is now conspicuously "outer-directed."

According to the anthropologists, many primitive societies are based almost exclusively upon the idea of conformity and generate what are, in the anthropologist's meaning of the term, remarkable cultures. It may, of course, be argued that America and the whole world which follows in America's wake is evolving in the direction of this kind of culture. But if by "culture" we mean something more narrowly defined, if we mean a culture which is continuous with that of the Western world since the Renaissance, then it is my contention that it cannot flourish where the stress is as nearly exclusively as it threatens to become upon "adjustment," "normality," or any of the other concepts which, in the end, come down to mean that the Common Denominator is identical with the Ideal. Especially, it cannot flourish under those conditions if the result which they tend to produce is intensified by the fact that ingenious methods of mass production and mass propaganda help impose upon all the tyranny of the average.

Salvation, if salvation is possible, may be made so by technological developments like those in the phonograph industry which tend to break monopoly and permit the individual to assert his preferences and his tastes. But the possible will not become the actual if in the meantime the desire for excellence has been lost and those who should be leaders have willingly become followers instead. If the Age of the Common Man is not to become the Age of the Common Denominator rather than what it was originally intended to be—namely an age in which every man had the opportunity to become as superior as he could—then the cultural as well as the political rights of minorities must somehow be acknowledged. There is not really anything undemocratic about either the desire for, or the recognition of, excellence. To prove that ours is the most cultured nation which ever existed will constitute only a barren victory if we must, to prove our point, use nothing but quantitative standards and reconcile ourselves to the common denominator as a measure of excellence.

ONE might sum up the situation in a series of propositions. (1) The Age of the Common Man has begun. (2) Despite all the gains that it may legitimately claim, they are threatened by those confusions which arise when the common denominator is consciously or unconsciously allowed to function as a standard of excellence. (3) The dominance of mass media almost exclusively under the control of those who are little concerned with anything except immediate financial gain does tend to debase taste. (4) Ultimate responsibility for the future rests with the thinkers and the educators whose most important social task at the moment is to define democratic culture in some fashion which will both reserve a place for uncommon excellence and, even in connection with the largest masses, emphasize the highest rather than the lowest common denominator.

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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

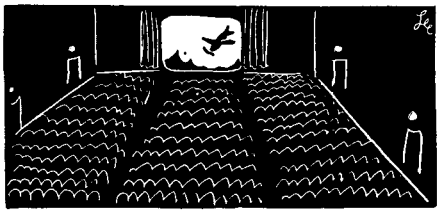
SELLING FILMS

NOT SO long ago a large industrial association in the Midwest announced the release of a twenty-eight-minute color film and boasted publicly that the film had cost over $100,000. If the objective of the production was to spend a vast sum without doing perceptible harm to anyone, the money was well circulated. If, by some chance, the aim was really to further the appeal of that association's commodity in the mind of the buying public, it was a sorrowful effort. Now another company is planning an even bigger-and-better, larger and more multi-colored film—budgeted at $250,000 or with luck $300,000. Presumably it will be shot in every state of the Union, thereby assuring nationwide appeal.

Anyone who has sat through a few dozen of these industrial films can grow numb at the thought of having to look at any new batch.* Like most of the grade-school classroom films, industrially sponsored films are improving—but the change is slow and there is still such a long way to go. Never—except in Flaherty's "Nanook" and "Louisiana Story"—have we in this country even approached the downright excellence of the British industry-sponsored film. (For further consideration of such excellence, be sure to see "Journey Into History," a ten-minute color film produced by Edgar Anstey for London Transport; available sooner or later from the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20.)

New hope for sponsored films here lies in the criticism and self-criticism coming from a number of surprising sources. For example, a recent survey by the public relations consultants Hill & Knowlton showing that 69 per cent of 4,000 teachers who responded to a questionnaire wanted more industrial films, also stated quite plainly that many of the free 16mm. films currently available *are not being used.* The survey recommends that the producer of sponsored material "should meet the highest standards by which his product will be judged." It specifies, under various headings, that the film should be an (1) adventurous, (2) enriching, (3) esthetic, (4) authentic, and (5) sharing experience.

Another unexpected but outspoken critic of industrial films is the magazine *Business Screen,* which recently editorialized that although film budgets are getting bigger, many sponsors



are losing touch with their audiences. Written comments about free films are generally polite and complimentary, says the editorial, but there is also a "small but important number of thought-provoking comments which demonstrate an astonishing insight and willingness to analyze films for weak spots and objectionable material." These comments present to producer and sponsor "the challenge of reviewing their past efforts in the light of expressed user preference."

Perhaps the most charmingly surprising critic of sponsored films is the Calvin Company in Kansas City, which makes and processes 16mm. films. Although it specializes in low-cost production, its customers get more for their money than any outfit I know. In a free monthly mimeographed publication called *The Aperture,* the Calvin Company hands out some very sound and forthright ideas about the repeated (if not contagious) ills to sponsors and producers.

The Calvin Company has gone so far as to make a film about how *not* to make a film. It is a one-reel satire called "The Client," showing what an innocent sponsor generally expects from a film. "The Client" is tremendously funny, but not offensive. It couldn't be. For one reason, Calvin Company is a producer of 16mm. sponsored films, and its aim was to amuse and instruct its clients (actual and potential)—certainly not to make them angry.

The client in "The Client" is the president of an umbrella factory. We see him as he sits at his desk telling the film producer what he wants from the film they have just signed a contract for. The entire responsibility is to be in the film company's hands. . . . Of course, I do have a few suggestions, he tells the producer, and I can help out in a few ways. For one thing, I want the film to open with the company founder's favorite motto, "You Can Knock a Good Man Down But You Can't Keep Him Down." In fact, that would make a swell title for the film. Then there must be a picture of the founder himself, and a bit about each of our forty-three departments. There should be a brief history of rainwater, to emphasize the importance of our product. This would bring in some historical scenes going way back. Get a homey voice for the narration—someone people know and love—someone like Uncle Wilmer on the radio. And then there's my old camera which you can use to help cut production costs. I also have a lot of old footage about the place which you can use here and there. My wife is an old hand at producing and acting in the little theatre, and she will help you out with casting and rehearsing problems. Et cetera . . . et cetera. . . .

THIS little film ought to be required seeing for every public relations and advertising department in the country, not to mention the film producers who turn out just this sort of thing without benefit of laughs. The most exciting part about "The Client" is that its makers seem to be able to balance honesty, cleverness, intelligence, and humor at the same time. This is enough to give faith, hope, and courage to anyone who is interested in the betterment of industrial films.

In addition, the Calvin Company holds an annual 16mm. workshop open free of charge to anyone who wants to attend. Each year it attracts several hundred people from industrial and educational circles. Dates for this year's workshop are March 2, 3, and 4. Among the subjects on the agenda are "Producing Films for Television," "Motion Picture Titles," "Animation," "Script Planning and Preparation," "How the Eye Sees Color," "Motion Picture

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* *Among the industry-sponsors who circulate their own 16 mm. productions to the public without charge, the following list is a gleaning of the more outstanding:*
American Telephone and Telegraph Co., Film-Radio-Display Division, 195 Broadway, New York 7, N.Y.
E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Motion Picture Distribution, Wilmington 98, Delaware.
Ford Motor Co., Film Library, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Mich.
General Electric Co., Distribution Section, 1 River Road, Schenectady 5, New York.
General Mills, Film Library, 400 Second Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.
General Motors Corp., Film Section, 3044 W. Grand Blvd., Detroit 2, Michigan.
Shell Oil Co., 50 W. 50th St., New York 20, N.Y.—for area west of Rocky Mts., Shell Oil Co., 100 Bush St., San Francisco 6, Calif.

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"No problem with *Pageant*," say experts

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Edward H. Stevens
Stevens Pictures, Inc., Atlanta, Georgia

"... We are glad to get on your 'band wagon' because the Pageant is an outstanding projector in many ways. When we can sell a man a projector that gives such fine performance with practically no maintenance, it goes a long way towards building new business ..."

Frank C. Vydra
Vydra Visual, Chicago, Illinois

"... One of the biggest problems in any high-speed *running mechanism* is lubrication under variation of temperatures ... Thank heavens your Kodak engineers were farsighted enough to see the points of lubrication so the user cannot and does not have to lubricate the Pageant ..."

H. Gregg, *Sales Manager*, AVA Dept.
Corner Drug Company, Woodland, California

"... A projector which has been prelubricated at the factory can never fail for lack of lubrication due to negligence or oversight of the operator. The Kodascope Pageant Projector thus gives a better than normal promise of long, uninterrupted service because it has been prelubricated for life."

M. L. Stoeppelwerth, *President*
Indiana Visual Aids Co., Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.

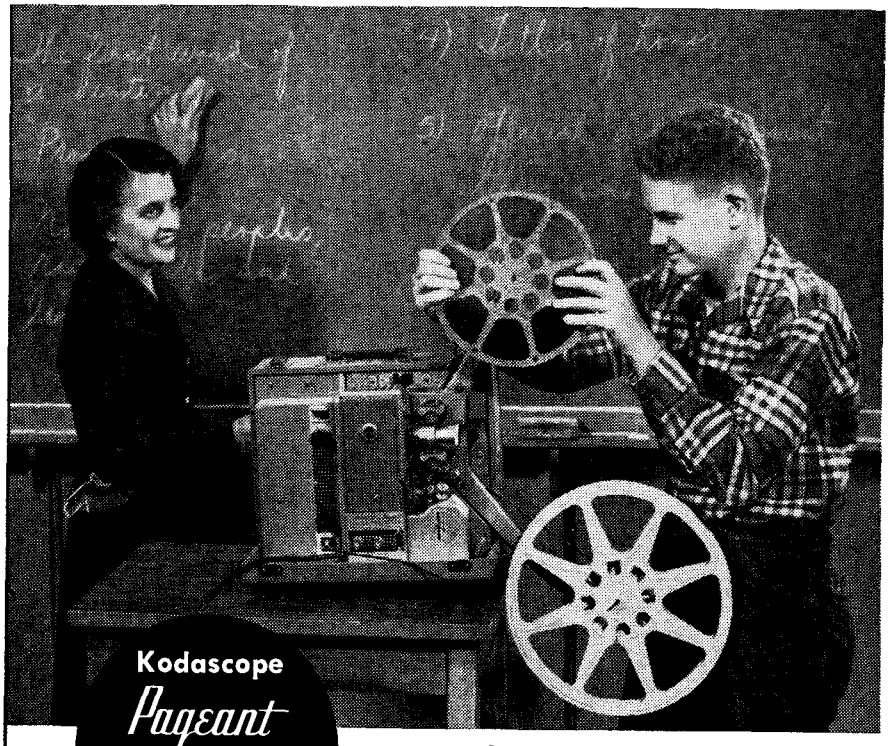
"... Our sincere congratulations to Eastman on at long last building the first 16mm. sound projector on the market with *permanent prelubrication and requiring no oiling by the owner.* What a wonderful improvement in 16mm. sound projector design!"

J. M. Stackhouse
J. M. Stackhouse Co., Richmond, Virginia

"... Any way you look at it, a projector that doesn't require oiling offers a big benefit to the schoolman operating on a tight budget. That's why we recommend the Pageant, since it's permanently prelubricated and cuts down service costs ..."

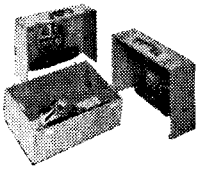
Arnold Watland
Watland Brothers, Blue Island, Illinois

MOTION PICTURES ...
teach, train, entertain



Kodascope *Pageant* Sound Projector lists at only $400

Complete in one case with single speaker for classrooms and small auditoriums.



Multi-Speaker Unit

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Lighting," "Telling the Story in Pictures," and "Laboratory Operations." Further information about the workshop and "The Client" is available from the Calvin Company, 1105 Truman Road, Kansas City 6, Missouri.

From the very ranks of industry, more and more frankness and insight are being shown about the purpose and value of films. Leo C. Beebe, manager of the Motion Picture Department of the Ford Motor Company, addressing one of the groups at one of the past Calvin Workshops, announced quite plainly the basis on which his production and distribution program is operated. Few people in industry have been quite so bold as to say: "If the management of my company would pin me down and demand scientific proof of the effectiveness of our film program, I would be hard put to come up with the answers. . . . I'm very grateful that my management takes a reasonably liberal attitude toward some of the intangibles of public relations and similar promotional activities. Now, they're not really altruists, by any means—the ringing cash register is music to their ears. But they do recognize, and I'm sure many managements do, the value and importance of building public good will through subtle and long-range methods. They know it's a lot easier to do business in the wholesome climate of public good will. So, we take the attitude that, if our pictures help to create a favorable climate for our company, we are doing the public relations job we set out to do. . . ."

In answer to a recent questionnaire mailed out from *The Saturday Review*, Mr. Beebe further clarifies his feelings about films and the policy of his company. "Goals? Commercial, to be sure. But all of us who contrive to command so much attention have moral obligations, too. To inform—to motivate—to inspire. To help enrich the lives of the people, therefore, to improve human understanding, to enhance knowledge of and about people, therefore, to improve human understanding and human relations. Because we're in business, to advance the principles of democracy and the free enterprise system. And, naturally, to advance the cause of our company, so long as its policies and practices are acceptable to God and man. . . . Furthermore, and finally, I am convinced that not only my company but American business generally will sponsor *good films* when *good people* present *good ideas* in the right way."

By this measure, it takes a great deal more than a great deal of money to make a good film.

—CECILE STARR.

The Film Forum

WORK AND WEALTH

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thoughtful critical evaluations of about 120 films and a few filmstrips make up a new fifty-page pamphlet, "Guide to Films in Economic Education." Sponsored by the Joint Council on Economic Education and the National Education Association, it is available at one dollar per copy from the Department of Audio-Visual Instruction, NEA, 1201 Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

The films reviewed below will be of particular interest to business and labor leaders. "The Importance of Selling" (20 min., produced and distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Illinois) has just been released—too late for review in this issue.

LOOKING AHEAD. *Produced and distributed by the Social Security Administration, Federal Security Agency, Washington 25, D.C.* (13 *min.*).

After many years of service to his company, Fred Foster is finally retired from his job, given a gold watch, and put on permanent "vacation." The Bureau of Old-Age and Survivors Insurance takes Mr. Foster as an example of how our Social Security laws work these days, bringing up to date last year's increased coverage. "Looking Ahead" is simply constructed, but it clarifies some basic information about the law and contains some solid unsentimental ideas about old age itself.

The film is also available for use on television and in theatres.

WHAT MAKES US TICK? *Produced by John Sutherland Productions for the New York Stock Exchange. Distributed by Modern Talking Picture Service, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.* (12 *min., color animation*).

What is behind the ticking tape that has come to symbolize American capital at work? This film directs its answer to a very stock character named John Q. who, when asked if he owns any common stocks, has to reply that he doesn't even know what they are. We see in catchy cartoon style how the Oil Drum Company gets its corporation charter, makes its legal contact with the SEC, sells stock through an investment banker, prospers, issues more stock, and increases production, then applies for and is given listing by the New York Stock Exchange whose member brothers buy and sell as their clients wish. The film indicates at the end that there is some risk involved in this kind of trading, and it is best to "get the facts before you buy."

AN INVESTMENT IN HUMAN RESOURCES. *Produced by Unifilms for the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation and the State of West Virginia. Available from Federal Security Agency, Washington 25, D.C.* (21 *min., color*).

In the employment of physically handicapped men and women, abilities (not disabilities) are what count. The film gives a run-through of various occupations successfully held by the blind, the deaf, the crippled, and others whose physical limitations are apparent. In training and helping to place seventy thousand handicapped workers each year the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation is not only doing a humanitarian service but is also providing industry with some of its best and most conscientious workers. Time and again it has been demonstrated that handicapped employes show records of less absenteeism, fewer accidents, less turnover, and greater efficiency at jobs for which they are well suited.

"An Investment in Human Resources" also illustrates the vocational rehabilitation of one young man who lost a leg in a mine cave-in and through the OVR was able to get a factory job as a machinist. The film ends with an emphatic statement by O. L. Patterson, Governor of West Virginia, on the common-sense values of providing suitable employment for handicapped people. Governor Patterson, having lost both legs some time ago, is just the man to make such a statement. The film, although a low-budget production, is intelligently planned and written.

SALESMANSHIP *Series. Four films produced by Transfilms for McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N.Y. For rental consult nearby SR Film Referral Libraries.**

Four brand-new black-and-white cartoon films (and accompanying filmstrips) give personalized accounts of the telling factors of good salesmanship. In "Prospecting" (10 min.) three different salesmen show how they catch up with a good prospect for their files. "The Pre-Approach" (10 min.) pictures a smart salesman finding out what's what and who's who before he winds up for the pitch. For "The Approach" (10 min.) good grooming, good manners, and good speech are of basic importance, with a planned sales procedure directed especially for *the* prospect. The fourth film, "Making That Sale" (14 min.) is to be released shortly. I'd like to see a series to help the customer improve his part, too.

The series is correlated with McGraw-Hill's "Textbook of Salesmanship" by Russell and Beach. The cartooning is done in thick-lined funny-paper style, which as far as I'm concerned is quite all right.

—CECILE STARR.

* For rentals consult the list of *SR* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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WRITERS

(*Continued from page 14*)

his experiences will make an illuminating record. Mark Twain wrote such a brief **"Report from Paradise"** (Harper, $2.50) in which his Captain Stormfield dies and whizzes off toward the sun to begin his adventures in the heavens beyond. Compared to the traditional paradise—as one might expect from Twain's unorthodoxy—it is a place full of genial or bitter surprises. In the matter of wings, for example: the Captain proudly clamps a pair onto his shoulders, and when he tries to put them to use they are an awkward nuisance. A fellow-spirit informs him that wings are purely decorative, to be worn on formal occasions. More important than the frequent humor of this kind, Twain exposes through his Captain a fundamental humanity and tolerance that unfortunately exist only in paradise.

If the fantasy has any fault, it is an informal discursiveness (a frequent fault in Twain). Although fitting to the Captain's narration it occasionally tires the reader's attention. The piece, which is given here in its complete form for the first time, is accompanied by another first appearance: the brief "Letter from the Recording Angel," a tall-story satire about a skinflint in heaven. The introduction and editing by the late Dixon Wecter are exemplary, and the book production and illustrations handsome. For the paradise where books are published this is a good model.

—R. H.

PUBLISHING IN THE ELIZABETHAN AGE: The book trade is an institution with many ramifications, which ingenuity and knowledge can uncover. On what kind of book trade did the great writers of the English Renaissance depend? H. S. Bennett has provided the answer in his scholarly study **"English Books & Readers 1475-1557"** (Cambridge University Press, $7). The material for such a study is the almost complete list of publications of the period which are listed in the "Short-title Catalogue"; and from these primary sources supplemented by other historical documents he judiciously (though in pedestrian style) reconstructs the bibliographical practices and the literary milieu of the time. Besides Caxton the best known printers were Wynkyn de Worde and Pynson, and there were many others in the fast growing trade. By examining their output Mr. Bennett is able to describe book production in all its phases, from author's copy to buyer's book. He is able to derive from these books much more than purely bibliographical significance, for they reveal the culture of their period: the system of patronage for authors, the general level of literacy, the educational standards, the theological and political restraints, and the dissemination of foreign literature. What he reveals, then, is the soil under Elizabethan literature.

—R. H.

FAITH FOR MODERN MAN: The state of creative writing today is a subject on which, apparently, everybody who has a line of print at his disposal thinks himself an authority. John Lehmann is one man really worthy of discussing it, for as editor of Penguin's "New Writing" (now defunct) and as publisher of many of Europe's best writers he has shown in a practical way the integrity of his standards. Now, as further proof, we have **"The Open Night"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3), a collection of thirteen essays which though they deal with a wide range of contemporary writers are unified by an underlying idea.

With the collapse of traditional religions, the thesis may be badly stated: modern man has found his myths obsolete. This is not a new view, of course; Matthew Arnold saw the ebbing of the Sea of Faith, but today man's condition has become far more desperate. Mr. Lehmann's solution, not unlike Arnold's, is that poetry can supply us with a spiritual mythology. The poets he looks to are those who in their verse or their prose are aware of a symbolic pattern, of a metaphysical level beyond the mere material. These include Yeats, Virginia Woolf, Rilke, James, Conrad, Proust, Joyce, Capetanakis, and several young war poets. On all of them he writes with a beautiful sensitivity and sense, and in a close-grained style of uncommon lucidity. His essay on Joyce, for example, clearly distinguishes the artist from the verbal artisan. It is an outstanding book; and together with Edmund Wilson's recent (and very different) "The Shores of Light" luminously outlines the geography of contemporary literature.

—R. H.

ANALYZING GREAT TRAGEDIES: The clearest indication of Professor G. B. Harrison's purpose in his book on **"Shakespeare's Tragedies"** (Oxford, $3) is the concluding sentence of his introductory chapter. In it he declares that in spite of the superlative excellence of Granville Barker's writings on Shakespeare, "when one has studied and taught a subject for a quarter of a century, there comes a time when one feels an attempt may be made to put out one's own views, in the hope that a little of the enthusiasm be passed on, perhaps even that something fresh may be added." In that chapter he also states the essential qualities of great tragedy: moral sense, pathos, craftsmanship, and the cleansing of the emotions. Then he analyzes each of the eleven tragedies, and concludes with a brief mechanical summary. As a commentary for the student beginning the study of Shakespeare the book is useful, for it reads in lively fashion like the lectures of a professor with a fresh common-sense approach and a solid grounding in the scholarly research that has made Shakespeare a thriving academic industry.

—R. H.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Robert Frost, "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." 2. Geoffrey Chaucer, "The Canterbury Tales" (prologue). 3. T. S. Eliot, "Burnt Norton." 4. Christopher Marlowe, "Dr. Faustus." 5. John Donne, "Devotions upon Emergent Occasions." 6. W. H. Auden, "Let Me Tell You a Little Story." 7. John Milton, "L'Allegro." 8. S. T. Coleridge, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." 9. Alfred Lord Tennyson, "Crossing the Bar." 10. Shakespeare, "The Merchant of Venice."

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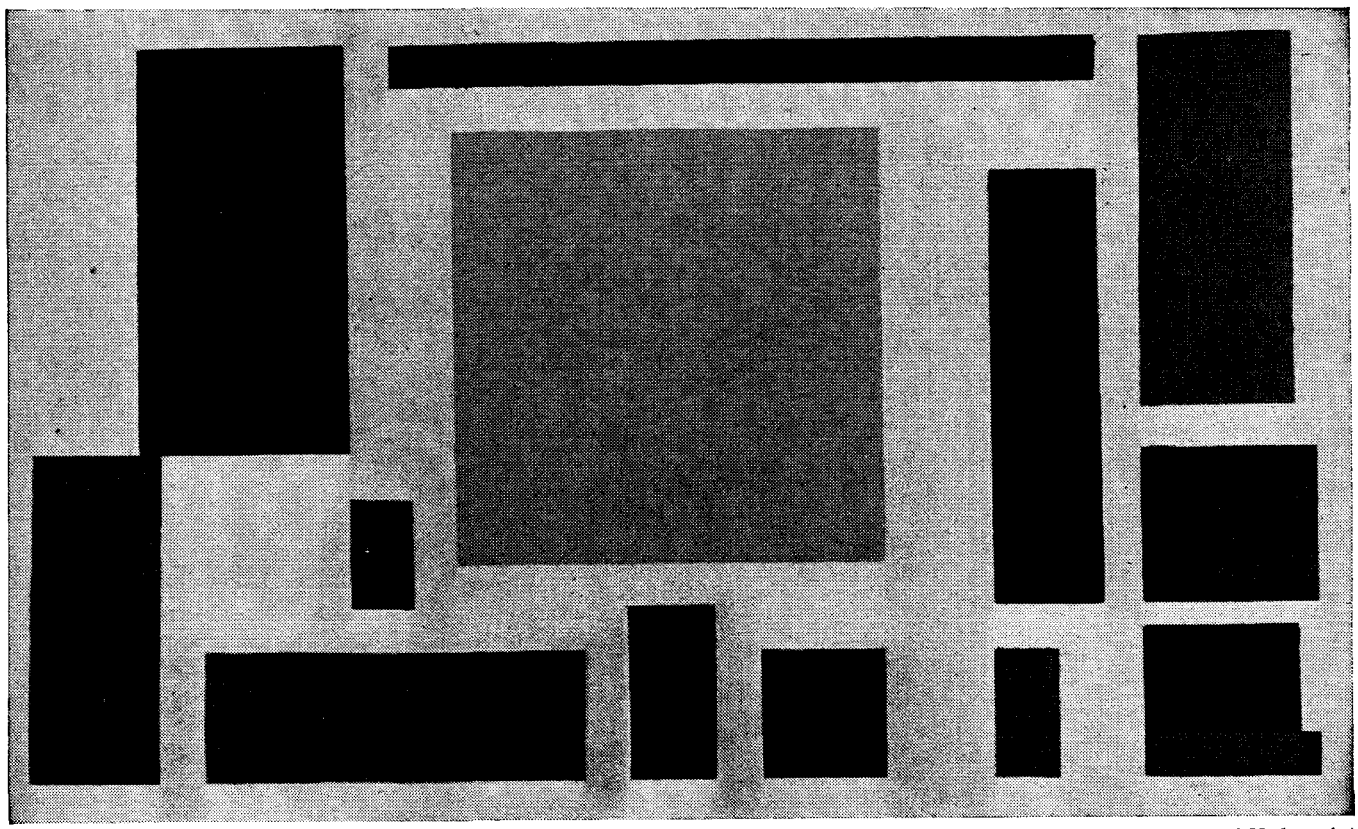
THE FINE ARTS

DE STIJL

THE contribution of Holland to the evolution of modern art has been impressive and many-sided. It is not yet thoroughly known. The full story of Rembrandt's influence on many leading painters of our time, for example, has not been told. We know that Rouault and Soutine revered him; we know that he was an important factor in the rise of twentieth-century expressionism as a whole. But what is always surprising is the number of living artists who speak of Rembrandt with awe, though in many cases their own styles seem to owe him little or nothing. With Rembrandt's great successor, Vincent van Gogh, the record is clearer. Van Gogh's impact is in fact inescapably apparent, whether his art is modified into flat arabesques by the French Fauves or translated into a different kind of personal fervor, as by Edvard Munch and other stormy Northern painters. Precisely why stolid Holland should have produced these two magnificent tragedians is something of a mystery, though we know that genius often runs contrary to native habit, as in the Dutch talent for colonization. Anyway, there they are —Rembrandt and Van Gogh, two dark mirrors into which their spiritual heirs have looked repeatedly for solace and instruction.

A seemingly more typical aspect of the Dutch pictorial tradition is that devotion to pristine order which has reached its zenith in the movement known as de Stijl, currently the subject of an exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art. Here are reassembled some of the key documents of a group uprising among Dutch artists which began in 1917, maintained a cohesive identity for a decade, and continues to affect the visual predilections of many artists and designers here and abroad. In some of its manifestations, notably furniture and the more doctrinaire architectural plans, the exhibition of de Stijl shows the movement's age; in others, especially painting and typography, it looks amazingly fresh and young. One already judges as period pieces the preposterous—and enchanting—sideboard and chairs of Gerrit Rietveld, who planned the exhibition's fine reconstructive installation. On the other hand, the paintings of Piet Mondrian still seem advanced and are even now much emulated in this country and in Europe. Moreover, the best pictures of Mondrian's associates hold up quite well in his august company. I think in particular of Bart van der Leck's "Composition No. 3" of 1917 and Theo van Doesburg's "Rhythm of a Russian Dance," painted the following year. Elsewhere the painting of de Stijl tends to fall into academic dryness, as with the later works of Vordemberge-Gildewart, Huszar, and Van der Leck. But the Belgian Georges Vantongerloo's sculpture holds our interest, though I am not sure whether his association with de Stijl did him good or harm. His "Volume-Construction" of 1918 is a handsome but perhaps overorthodox school piece, whereas his "Construction Within a Sphere," completed the previous year and now part of the Museum of Modern Art's collection, is impressive in its use of organic and hollowed-out forms with whose invention later and more powerful artists like Henry Moore are sometimes erroneously credited.

De Stijl's esthetic platform has been succinctly defined by Alfred Barr. "Three elements or principles formed



—Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

"Composition" ("The Cow"), 1916-17 oil by Van Doesburg.

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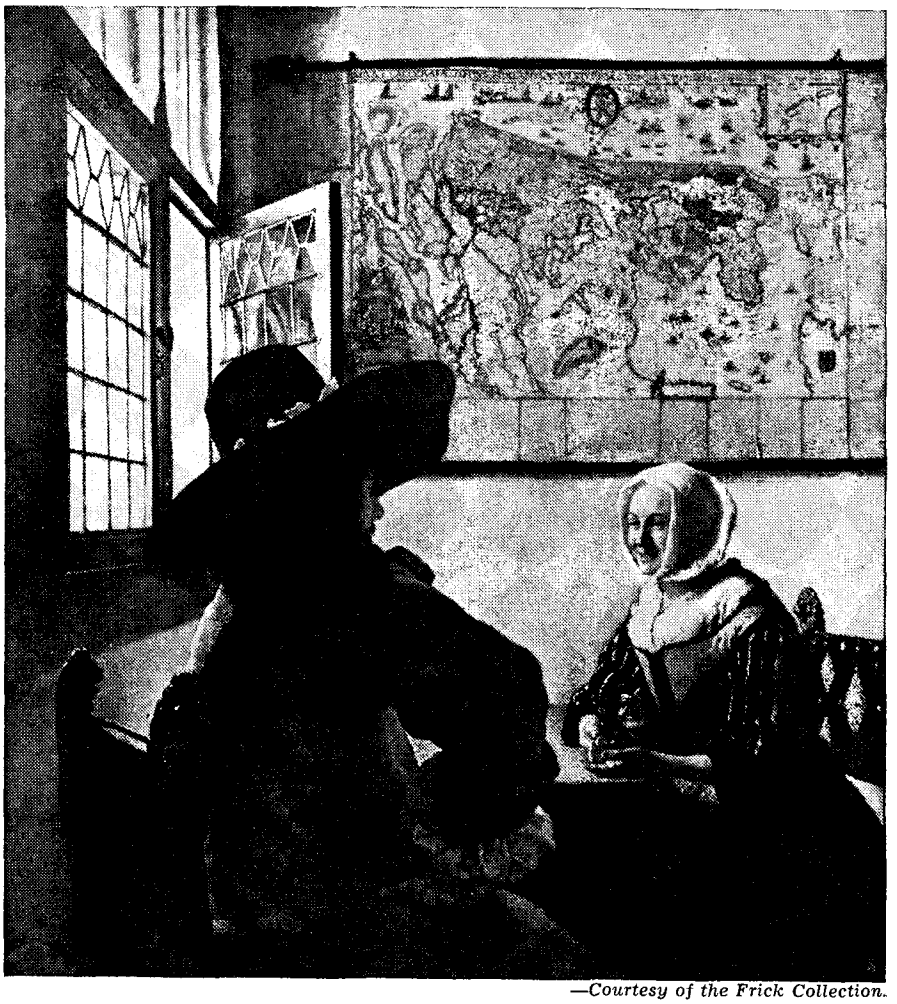
the fundamental basis of the work of de Stijl whether in painting, architecture or sculpture, furniture or typography: in form the rectangle; in color the 'primary' hues, red, blue, and yellow; in composition the asymmetric balance." He adds: "These severely simplified elements were not, however, developed in a moment but as a result of years of trial and error on the part of the painters Mondrian, Van Doesburg, and Van der Leck." The latters' difficulty may have come in part from a lingering respect for the caprices of nature as opposed to the rigid equations to which they aspired. At least it is interesting to note that Mondrian, between 1912 and 1917, took inspiration from trees and the sea, while Van Doesburg's famous "Composition" of 1916-17 is based on—of all things—the bumpy contours of a grazing cow (as the successive sketches for the picture make clear in the present show). Perhaps in this long struggle to achieve a totally abstract art, the painters of de Stijl may at times have echoed Delacroix' cry of anguish, "Nature betrays me." At any rate, they eventually progressed so far away from naturalism that Mondrian was repelled by the disorders of the countryside and preferred by far the city's repetitious pavements.

It must have been hard for the Dutch painters of de Stijl, a long and immensely influential tradition of landscape art behind them, to turn their backs resolutely on nature. But, then, Dutch painting of previous centuries abounds in pictures which give rectangular, abstracted forms an unusual importance. Saenredam's paintings of church interiors furnish a conspicuous seventeenth-century precedent through their emphasis on a checkerboard flooring that the actual architects of the churches had presumably stressed. Possibly it is an exaggeration to find signs of a comparable preoccupation as early as the fifteenth century in Dutch art. Yet surely few artists have painted tiled patterns with more loving restraint (as opposed to Late Gothic Flemish intricacy) than Aalbert Van Oudewater in his "Resurrection of Lazarus" at Berlin and Dirck Bouts in several of his principal works. These Dutch painters appear to sponge away ornament in favor of mathematical reticence; the plain little squares in which Van Oudewater's figures stand are a long cry from the rich flooring of Jan Van Eyck's "Madonna of the Chancellor Rolin."



—*Courtesy of the Frick Collection.*

"Officer and Laughing Girl," by Vermeer.

TO get back to safer grounds of comparison, there can be no question that geometric forms meant a very great deal to seventeenth-century Dutch masters like Vermeer and Pieter de Hooch. If, for instance, we look carefully at Vermeer's "Officer and Laughing Girl" (see illustration), we note that there is a multiplicity of rectangular motifs. These are most apparent in the leaded window panes which Vermeer painted so often. But the entire background of the picture is in itself something of an exercise in de Stijl. The placing of the map on the wall suggests Mondrian's thoughtful asymmetries. And the geometric divisions of the border would seem to have been rearranged by Vermeer himself, though the advice of experts in cartography would be necessary before making a dogmatic claim. Nevertheless, I find it hard to believe that mapmakers of the period would have used such an irregular balance of rectangles as that found on the bottom strip of the border. Rather it seems likely that Vermeer felt free to shift the dividing lines of the border in the interests of "a final gravity of balance," to use A. Hyatt Mayor's eloquent description of what may be Vermeer's rarest quality as an artist. The phrase might be applied to Mondrian's finest compositions too. The word "gravity" is appropriate to both painters in more than a compositional sense. Perhaps because of their Protestant heritage, the two artists mistrusted overt emotional content. When Vermeer painted a dramatic scene like "The Procuress" (Dresden), he minimized its psychological tensions. To Mondrian such tensions presumably never occurred.

Whatever the antecedents in native tradition of de Stijl, it has *as a school* exceeded its predecessors in one important respect—contemporaneous, international influence. We know that the leading Dutch artists of the fifteenth century had only a limited effect outside their country; the greatest of them all, Geertjen Tot Sint Jans, to this day is known only to professional art historians and a few painters, while Hieronymus Bosch is widely and mistakenly thought to have been Flemish rather than Dutch. Even the revolutionary landscapists of seventeenth-century Holland waited a long time before their example was emulated abroad. De Stijl, on the other hand, has been known better and earlier outside of Holland than at home. There is a moral in this fact for today's art public, irrespective of nationality, but I won't labor it.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

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BOOKS · FOR · YOUNG · PEOPLE

LOOKING BACKWARD—AND FORWARD

WITH a new and promising year beginning in the world of books, we must look backward as well as forward. Enticing rumors of new writers and artists on the spring list have already reached our ears, but there are still books of 1952 that should be reviewed for the information of both home and school libraries. We deeply regret that the Jansons' beautiful "The Story of Painting for Young People" reached us far too late for the Book Week issue. It is an invaluable story of the famous painters and the schools of painting from prehistoric times down to the middle twentieth century. It is a joy to have in the house, or on the shelves of a school or public library, because of its fine format and the beauty and accuracy of its reproductions. ("The Story of Painting for Young People from Cave Paintings to Modern Times," by H. W. Janson and Dora Jane Janson. New York: Henry N. Abrams. 164 pp. $4.95.)

For February we plan to review some of the 1952 biographies. By then spring will be in the air, and a few weeks later the new books will be coming in thick and fast.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

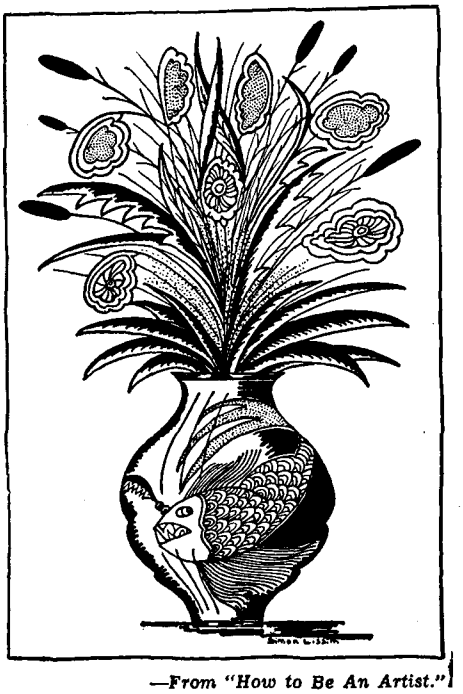
HOW TO BE AN ARTIST. By Simon Lissim. New York: Wilfred Funk. 212 *pp.* $3.95.

Recognized as an outstanding artist and designer in Europe and in America, Simon Lissim is known personally to many New Yorkers, both adults and children, through his lectures at City College and his effective work for the New York Public Library Art Education Project. His influence has strengthened and directed the amazing upsurge of interest in art that is bringing more than fifty million people in one calendar year to the art museums and galleries. In his fascinating book "The Big Change," Frederick Lewis Allen says that the sale of art supplies went up from four million dollars in 1939 to forty million in 1949—a practical index of the change.

In his book Mr. Lissim shows on the printed page what is made clear in his lectures and demonstrations—the direct way to self-expression in an art form. He divides the book into four parts: "This New World of Art," "Different Techniques," "You and the Public," and "Where to Apply Your Art." In the last section he treats of design in textiles and on porcelain and book illustration. It is probably the chapters on technique that will mean the most to the amateur artist. It includes pencil drawing, pen and ink, water color, oil paint, scratch board, and other media. The beautiful black and white drawings and designs that illustrate the book are well reproduced on an excellent quality of paper.

TIMBER JACK. By M. B. Cormack. New York: Franklin Watts. 281 *pp.* $2.50.

This is an exceptionally interesting story of the forests of Wisconsin and of a terrible forest fire that destroyed mile after mile of virgin trees. It destroyed, too, a number of little towns and settlements. The father of Jack Stromberg, the hero of the story, had been injured in a logging accident years before the story opens and was "queer in the head." He is suspected of deliberately setting the devastating fire. Jack and the daughter of the Forest Ranger, Sally Fraser, are determined to clear him. It is a good story in both plot and characterization, and the chapters that describe the fire and the modern methods of fighting it are valuable for their information.



—From "How to Be An Artist."

JOEL: A Novel of Young America. By Nora Benjamin Kubie. New York: Harper & Brothers. 207 *pp.* $2.50.

This story of the American Revolution is an unusual one in that the hero is a Polish Jew, deeply religious, a student who aspires to become a rabbi. Living in New Haven, Connecticut, with his sister, he is caught up in the turmoil of the war, imprisoned by the British in Boston, finally released by the victorious Colonial Army and, after the war is over, settles down to teach children in a peaceful little New England village. Through the action of the war runs the thread of his love story. Joel falls deeply in love with a gentile, the daughter of a conservative New Englander. She loves him, but the difference in their faith and its practices divide them. In the end they decide to part. The tragic ending of his love story and his hatred of war leave their mark on Joel. His war experiences show him that peace is not won by thinkers. One must fight to win peace, and keep on fighting to hold it. He realized that his place was with the men who were fighting to hold the things he himself had crossed the sea to find. In the end Joel turned to a Jewish girl whose way of life and worship were his. He is an American now, free to worship and speak as he chooses. Conscious that he is one of a minority group, he faces frankly the trouble that may develop for him and for his children. This is an exceptionally thoughtful book.

TYLL ULENSPIEGEL'S MERRY PRANKS. By M. Jagendorf. Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. New York: The Vanguard Press. 189 *pp.* $2.50.

A new edition of an old favorite.

SAND IN THE BAG AND OTHER FOLK STORIES OF OHIO, INDIANA, AND ILLINOIS. By M. A. Jagendorf. Illustrations by John Moment. New York: The Vanguard Press. 192 *pp.* $2.75.

Many of these lively and amusing tales that Dr. Jagendorf tells here

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have never been in print before. They are "remembered" stories, told to him by people whom he met in his travels through the three states. Some of them are hitherto unknown incidents in the lives of famous men, like the story of Whitelaw Reid and the tale of Abraham Lincoln and the footprints on the ceiling. One is a record of the only trial for witchcraft that was ever held in the state of Ohio, and one is about a strange beast of Chillicothe called "the Skyfoogle." Most of them have probably grown in the telling, like the old wives' tales of the English countryside. They are all presented here with that ability to build a story up to its climax that characterized Dr. Jagendorf's "New England Beanpot" and "Upstate, Downstate." Their American humor rings true.

STUB: A College Romance. By Narguerite Hermon Bro. New York: Doubleday & Co. 288 pp. $2.50.

Like most adolescents, Stub Larson is groping for an understanding of himself, of others, and of life. Entering Quilby for his first year of college, he unhappily falls in love—to the initial neglect of his studies. He saves his roommate from expulsion, becomes active in the International Relations Club, is both for and against his girl in a movie contest, and strives to narrow his interests down to the choice of a career. All the while, he is wondering who he is, why he is here, and where he is going. He makes a multitude of friends whose widely different backgrounds he comes to know and understand. Each personality in the story is sharply defined. Conchita is ashamed of her Indian blood, Sammy is confused, Leta appears unattractive but is interesting as a character. Their individual problems deepen Stub's understanding, and their interests, being as varied as they are contagious, open up new worlds for him. By the end of his first college year Stub is well on his way to a broad maturity.

It may be captious to mention Stub's gullibility when he is in love or to say that tea-leave predictions do not always come true. The author of this book, herself steeped in college atmosphere, has written a deeply helpful, understanding, and readable story. —Bernice Frankel.

THE STOLEN SPRUCE. By Kenneth Andler. Illustrations by C. L. Hartman. New York: Ariel Books. 168 pp. $2.50.

When Tom Weldon's great-great-grandfather laid claim to a thousand acres of the Maine woods in 1817, he

—*By C. L. Hartman from "The Stolen Spruce."*

carved his initials and the date on the trunk of a spruce tree that marked one corner of the claim. Many years later, Tom, his chum Mark Denton, and Angus McNabb, who was rated "the best land surveyor in the North Woods," set out to find the old tree and to prove that the stand of virgin spruce on the land belonged to Tom and his widowed mother and not to the renegade lumbermen who claimed it.

Against the background of Angus's expert knowledge of woodcraft and of surveying the story moves swiftly. Both Tom and Mark are captured by the tough, brutal lumbermen. Tom gets away and Mark is finally rescued by Tom and Angus. The precious record is cut out of the old tree by Angus, stolen by the renegades, and recovered by Tom and his two faithful helpers. It is a fresh, exciting tale, vivid with the atmosphere and background of the northern woods. It is illustrated with effective drawings.

BALLET IN THE BARN. By Regina A. Woody. Illustrated by Arline K. Thompson. New York: Ariel Books. 312 pp. $3.

When Janet Sherwood was twelve her father, who was a doctor, went from New York to Martha's Vineyard to practise there. To Janet it was a shock and disappointment. She wanted so much to keep up her work in a class in ballet dancing in Manhattan. But when she got to the Vineyard she found there a vigorous, ambitious class led by one of the soloists of the New York Ballet Theatre. She was asked to dance the Bird in the island's annual production of "Peter and the Wolf." When Miss Bell went back to New York it was Janet who was allowed to teach the island children the ballet steps. There was a good deal of scope on the island for her energy and ambition. Into the story Mrs. Woody has woven real people, as she did in her earlier book—"Student Dancer." Balanchine, Danilova, Iva Kitchell appear as characters, and Janet meets them. It is not nearly as interesting a story as "Student Dancer" but it does give a very clear and informing picture of ballet dancing for younger girls. It is illustrated with lively and authentic drawings of the different positions in ballet steps.

HI! TEACHER. By Isabel C. McLelland. Illustrated by Mary Stevens. New York: Heny Holt & Co. 212 pp. $2.50.

Alison Gray, daughter of a minister, leaves a sheltered home for her first year of teaching in Cow Creek, a tiny melting-pot community in the Pacific Northwest. The prospect of living alone in an old shack with all the conveniences of kerosene lamps, a wood stove, and a water pump, is understandably terrifying to Alison. Her feelings of inadequacy are intensified when she learns that her predecessor was a "paragon virtue." Nevertheless, Alison stays. She finds all of the people friendly and helpful—especially one Bill Jeffrey. And because she is a warm and likable girl, rather than because of any particular accomplishment, she succeeds in becoming a part of the community.

This book has all the direction and follow-through of a diary. But two things redeem it: the fact that the people are variegated, and a certain reassuring quality which can benefit timid older girls. As to background, the author is good, the illustrator competent. —B. F.

DEADLINE. By William Corbin. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 244 pp. $2.75.

This is one of the few junior novels which without opposing a college education shows that a boy can make good without one. Dan Logan might have gone to college if he had been willing to accept the aid of his patronizing uncle, but he had spunk and a burning ambition to be a newspaperman like his father. So at eighteen he got a job and learned to be a reporter the hard way. He had plenty of trouble and eventually found himself up against a question that threatened to stop his career before it started, but he worked out the answer in a way that would have been a credit to an older head.

The characterization is excellent, due in no small part to the skilful use of conversation. The background is authentic, interesting, and informative. The suspense is well sustained and the plot builds up to a smashing climax. It is a good story in itself and one that is especially valuable to any boy or girl who contemplates newspaper work.

—Merritt P. Allen.

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Records for the Young

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Bill Simon, a regular contributor to* RECORDINGS, *has had diversified experience in the children's record field, from the making and marketing of them to the practical home test with a child of his own. This series will be a regular feature in the second issue of each month henceforth.*

A PARENT entering a record shop will find himself confronted by a baffling array of children's records. With dozens of titles to select from, how is he to pick the "proper" record for the particular child? The average record clerk is disinterested in this facet of the record repertory, and can rarely be counted on for authoritative assistance. This is especially lamentable in view of the fact that most buyers of children's records do not take the trouble to listen to a disc before buying. A situation exists wherein most producers in this field are interested only in merchandising a pretty piece of plastic. They give comparatively little thought to content or concept. Parents for their part have abetted this condition by lackadaisical buying habits. They are, in most cases, attracted by a "pop" song title (often quite meaningless to the child), by a romantic attachment to some traditional fairy tale, by a big-name artist (who may be a very bad singer), by the picture on the cover, or by the dealer's recommendation—whichever offers least trouble.

Since the introduction of nonbreakable materials, the children's disc field has greatly expanded. In the competitive surge, production and display standards have advanced. Generally, excellent actors, musicians, artists, and engineers are employed. Second-class performers and tinny reproduction have vanished. In packaging, the companies strive for ideas to attract and occupy youthful attention more strongly drawn to radio or TV.

Each of the major producers in the field has his own approach to the adult buyer. Some of these proceed on the careless assumption that children are mentally deficient adults. Others emphasize their appeal to children who are creative and imaginative. Still others assume that parents will buy for their children what they would like for themselves, but in a small size and at a low price. Comic-book standards prevail in a large segment of the industry and reveal the acute shortage of original, truly qualified writers for children. There has been a strong trend toward adapting successful children's books for records, as exemplified initially in Simon and Schuster's parallel programs of Little Golden Books and Records. The several "Babar" discs from Decca and more recently those from the Children's Record Guild represent the best of these adaptations. The latter company also has based an excellent series on the monumental "Here and Now Story Book" of Lucy Sprague Mitchell.

The "progressive school" approach, as featured in discs from Young Peoples' Records and Children's Record Guild, the two largest direct-mail, disc-per-month clubs, has been widely propagandized through costly advertising programs and intelligently presented criteria. Their discs fall into two basic categories—those for rhythmic activity and those for dramatic play. Both strive either to stimulate direct participation or to provide materials to launch imaginative play away from the phonograph. The average parent encountering one of these records in a store may find the title strange and the performers unfamiliar. Since he is rarely prone to investigate on his own, he will in most cases pass up a "Fog Boat Story" in favor of Disney's "Alice in Wonderland"—a hodge-podge that is incomprehensible to most adults, let alone children—or something equally ill-conceived.

The "participation" factor, in one form or another, has become an obsession with several of the bigger companies. Capitol's picture books, including the commercially successful Bozo the Clown series, involved the child in following the narration via printed word and pictures. Today RCA Victor has carried the idea several steps further with its "Six-in-One" record books. A child is invited to play the record, read the story, color the pictures, punch out puppets, act out a puppet show, and last but by no means least join the Little Nipper Club. These books sell for $1 and include either one 45-rpm disc or two seven-inch 78-rpm discs. The titles include standard stories and themes, such as "Aladdin," "Hansel and Gretel," "Mickey Mouse," and the mandatory fire chief and train subjects. Columbia, who apparently believes in trying everything, has produced a similar series with similar and even identical titles.

Columbia's program, a many-faceted one, aims at nearly every taste. It includes the "pop" song variety, which reached its height with "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer." Burl Ives's "Little White Duck" and most recently the fabulous if infamous "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus" also fall into this category. The program also includes a "name" artist group, with such as Gene Autry, Rosemary Clooney, Jackie Robinson, etc. Then there are the film and stage tie-ins, although RCA Victor and Capitol have virtually cornered the market on these—the former with Disney material, the latter with Mel Blanc and the Warner Brothers cartoon material. Columbia has, more than the other general discerie, invaded the "progressive" idiom as well. Recently it came out with a series of "documentaries," on-the-spot recordings of an airplane flight, a hook and ladder company in action, and a tugboat bringing in the *Queen Mary*.

While most well-produced children's records may help to develop a taste for well-conceived music, and many will encourage a physical or mental response to music, there is still a place for so-called "appreciation" records. The Vox Music Masters series, offering a biographical sketch of the composer and a sampling of his music, is sound stuff, of especial interest to the child of grammar-school age.

The introduction of nonbreakable materials and the development of compact, simple players have vastly enhanced the utility of records for the younger child by enabling him to operate his own piece of property. Learning to be responsible for the records and their care will also broaden the utility of the experience and give it a place in his pattern of development.

—BILL SIMON.

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AMERICANA

(*Continued from page* 21)

myself from the old world & plant myself in the western region of the United States, where the 'Balance of Power' is not an article of political faith, & where the voice of the people can alone determine peace & war,—& where filibustering crowned heads are unknown."

—J. M. E.

INTELLIGENCE ON THE AIRWAYS: News commentators, as opposed to the *Luftmenschen* of soap opera and giveaway programs, are palpable men of flesh and blood. If some of them move basely on their serpents' bellies, others are high-minded men of the first order. Of this small band is Eric Sevareid. Author of the excellent semi-autobiographical "Not So Wild A Dream," his **"In One Ear"** (Knopf, $2.95), a compilation of broadcasts, has lately been published.

Born and brought up in a small North Dakota town, of Norwegian descent, Sevareid, a graduate of the University of Minnesota, has been a CBS correspondent abroad, and has held his present post in Washington for several years. In early middle age, tall and darkly handsome, natively dignified, humane, gravely courteous, he is essentially a poet. His qualities shine through his work, including a craftsmanship that makes him careful of word and phrase, a fastidiousness that renders the vulgar abhorrent, a wide-ranging knowledge that gives solidity to his "background" discussions, and a respect for truth and decency that convey his earnestness and honesty.

Respectful of the intelligence of his listeners, and never talking down to them, Sevareid does not pretend to know everything but, on the contrary, constantly alludes to the complexity of our civilization.

He is not at all abashed to do a broadcast upon a series of articles in the London *Economist*, arguing that inflation is here to stay; or another upon the decline and fall of the adjective, illustrating it with examples taken from the adjective-mongers who represent Soviet Russia in the United Nations; or still another called "The Land Of The Quiet Mind," reflections on a visit that he made to the land of his fathers, Norway. One may certainly agree with his conclusion about the Norwegians: "Their minds are quiet. Surely what the world needs is quietness."

"In One Ear" is the work of a wise, honest, thoughtful man; of a believing, humane man, who, loving his country, expects much of her, but does not lose faith when she occasionally disappoints him. It comes, therefore, as an added grace that, having something to say, he is determined to say it well, often memorably. So doing, he joins his fellow professional, Alistair Cooke, and that distinguished amateur who has sometimes woven his magical tapestries upon the British air, Max Beerbohm.

—David L. Cohn.

EARLY AMERICAN IDOL: Just as Lincoln after his martyrdom became everybody's grandfather, so in the years before the Civil War Washington meant all things to all men and reigned supreme as the national symbol. His apotheosis in oratory, biography, verse, drama, and fiction receives careful, topical treatment in **"George Washington in American Literature, 1775-1865"** (Columbia University Press, $4), by the late William Alfred Bryan.

Those who knew Washington in his own day usually admired his virtues, but they might disagree about his personality. Count Dumas, who dined with the General in 1781, said: "He generally sat long at table, and animated the conversation by unaffected cheerfulness." The caustic republican, William Maclay, on the contrary, spoke of "the cloudy gloom of settled seriousness" at the President's dinner table. "At every interval of eating or drinking he played on the table with a knife and fork, like a drumstick." At least, Washington's contemporaries saw him as a human being. But when funeral orators had finished their eulogies, Washington had been transformed into a catalogue of abstractions—the noblest Roman of them all, the American Cincinnatus. Then Parson Weems pronounced him a "Demigod"—a priggish one without the human frailties of the Greeks. Horatio Greenough carried the classical theme to its ultimate absurdity in his statue of a Jovian Washington in sandaled feet and with toga dropped to the waist. But what sculptors and painters did to Washington is not part of Mr. Bryan's story.

Only Thackeray dared to humanize Washington, and reviewers damned him for it. "Mr. Thackeray," one of them said, "should never have ventured upon bringing Washington into his story farther than to permit him to cross the stage and be seen no more"—as early Lincoln movies showed only the martyr's back or shadow. No wonder picklock biographers find it hard to recover the "real" Washington! —J. M. E.

STORY OF A GREAT HOSPITAL: In 1852 in New York City the Jews Hospital was founded; renamed the Mount Sinai Hospital fourteen years later, it dropped its early sectarian policy of admission and opened its doors to all the sick and afflicted. It became an integral part of this century of medical progress and contributed its share. Joseph Hirsh's and Beka Doherty's **"The First Hundred Years of Mount Sinai Hospital of New York"** (Random House, $5) tells in a simple straightforward way the history of Mount Sinai in these years, keeping the progressively developing and changing medical scene in view. Two aspects are emphasized: the organization of a hospital and the work of the great doctors for the hospital.

Mount Sinai was founded as a "benevolent and charitable" institution, for a century ago a hospital was a place where the indigent sick were nursed and received free medical care. With the progress in medical science bringing better methods of diagnosis and the rise of aseptic surgery, the hospital no longer was a dreaded place of death but the center of all medical activities equally sought by rich and poor. Today the hospital remains a place of suffering and disease, but the accent is on life.

The story of Mount Sinai is in large part that of the efforts to give the patients the best in medical treatment. "The most important person in the hospital is not the governor, the contributor, the doctor, the nurse, the superintendent, or the secretary; the most important person in the hospital, beyond all question is the patient." These are the words of one of the great directors of Mount Sinai, and this emphasis on the care of the patient has involved the development of programs and institutions to the present.

—Ralph Colp, Jr., M.D.

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Just Published

HERE are some of the more important books issued this week. In many cases we will review them in forthcoming issues.

ACTON'S POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY. By G. E. Fasnacht. New York: The Viking Press. $4. A carefully documented study of the philosophy of the eminent British historian of the nineteenth century. Liberty, self-government, and freedom to follow one's conscience are the core.

ALWAYS THE YOUNG STRANGERS. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $5. A splendid record of almost total recall by Sandburg of his Midwestern upbringing, family life, and observation on a whole range of important events affecting American life as he knew it before 1900.

AMAZON HEAD-HUNTERS. By Lewis Cotlow. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.95. Vicarious thrills in the land of the head-hunting Jivaros between Ecuador and Peru, well-described jungle hazards, and fascinating tribal customs and doings. Although Mr. Cotlow has returned with head safely composed on his shoulders, photographs bear out his account of three visits to the interior.

ASIA AFLAME. By Ebed Van Der Vlugt. New York: Devin-Adair. $6. A detailed plan to combat Communism in Asia by actions ranging from economic to military, blaming present difficulties on the failure of the State Department and the General Staff to heed Gen. McArthur.

THE DECLINE OF IMPERIAL RUSSIA. By Hugh Seton-Watson. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. $7.50. For clear, factual, and compartmentalized information about Russian history from the Crimean War to World War I, this scholarly study has value as a reference work.

DEMOCRACY IS YOU. By Richard W. Poston. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. This practical guide answers questions as to how communities can organize activities to further the all-around welfare of their residents in regard to civic, economic, and social questions.

EDUCATIONAL FREEDOM IN AN AGE OF ANXIETY. Edited by H. Gordon Hullfish. New York: Harper & Bros. $3. A series of essays by prominent educators on the current political and social pressures affecting our entire school structure from elementary school to college.

ESSAYS ON CHURCH AND STATE. By Lord Acton. Edited by Douglas Woodruff. New York: The Viking Press. $6. Selections from the early work of the British historian published to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of his death.

ESSAYS ON THE SOCIOLOGY OF KNOWLEDGE. By Karl Mannheim. Edited by Paul Kecskemeti. New York: Oxford University Press. $6. Essays examining human thought in its relations with all the social forces impinging upon the thinker by a Hungarian-born philosopher who died in 1947. Originally published in German periodicals, the essays have never before been available in English.

FACING THE FUTURE'S RISKS. Edited by Lyman Bryson. New York: Harper & Bros. $4. The prospects ahead in physics, chemistry, biology, economics, politics, population, crime, and other fields, as seen by thirteen specialists.

THE GENTLE KINGDOM OF GIACOMO. By Evelyn Wells. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.95. Immigrant Giacomo Daneri raises an orchid empire in California, but fate robs him of it and his family in this popular novel.

GOALS OF ECONOMIC LIFE. Edited by A. Dudley Ward. New York: Harper & Bros. $4. A Protestant symposium, the first in a series, to relate ethics to modern economic life, featuring contributions by Reinhold Niehbur, Robert M. MacIver, Ralph Linton, and others.

HANDS ACROSS THE CAVIAR. By Charles W. Thayer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. Reflecting a well-trained diplomat's awareness and a lively sense of humor, even after seven years as secretary at the Moscow Embassy, this travel journal includes postwar Yugoslavia, Austria, and Korea.

HOLDING THE STIRRUP: Memoirs of Baroness Elizabeth von Guttenberg. By Elizabeth von Guttenberg. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.75. A memoir by an aristocratic German widow recalling family, estates, and friends who resisted the Nazi reign. Sentimentality and religious feelings give the book intensity and warmth.

LINCOLN AND GREELEY. By Harlan H. Horner. Urbana: University of Illinois Press. $6. The parallel lives of the Civil War President and Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune*, with emphasis on the points where they met.

THE LITTLE MADELEINE. By Mrs. Robert Henrey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4. As if the author's family photo album had come to life, each character in this reminiscence plays his part in the Paris of several decades ago. An intriguing picture held together by the thread of the author's doings.

THE MEANING OF DREAMS. By Calvin S. Hall. New York: Harper & Bros. $3. Using a distinct departure from Freudian techniques of dream analysis, the author uses hundreds of case dreams to expound his own method of interpretation.

THE NAKED ISLAND. By Russell Braddon. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. The experiences of a group of Australians captured during the Malaya campaign and interned in a prisoner of war camp.

THE NEXT MILLION YEARS. By Charles Galton Darwin. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.75. The grandson of Charles ("Origin of the Species") Darwin indulges in prognostication, hazarding guesses as to the prospects for starvation, population increases, and territorial wars during the million years to come.

PLAYWRIGHT AT WORK. By John Van Druten. New York: Harper & Bros. $3. An informal discussion by one of our most able craftsmen of the basic raw materials requisite for a play. Particularly valuable are the frank analyses of the plays he knows best—his own.

ROOSEVELT AND THE WARM SPRINGS STORY. By Turnley Walker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50. A detailed account of Franklin D. Roosevelt's personal interest and help to redevelop Warm Springs for victims of infantile paralysis.

STEPHANIA. By Ilona Karmel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50. A compassionate fictional portrayal of the background of three handicapped persons in a Swedish institution, with sharp overtones in the social significance tradition.

THE WELL-ADJUSTED PERSONALITY. By Phillip Polatin and Ellen C. Philtine. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.95. Two recognized psychiatrists attempt to help people with common problems by encouraging mental therapy methods and self-analysis in the face of all sorts of social difficulties.

WHALING WIVES. By Emma Mayhew Whiting and Henry Beetle Hough. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50. Rather than stay home alone, New England whalers' wives and brood often accompanied the seafaring spouses, sharing the rigors and dangers of the sea.

WHY WATERLOO? By A. P. Herbert. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. Flying in the face of mountains of historical material and entrenched opinion, the author seriously places a halo about Napoleon's head.

WORLDS OF MUSIC. By Cecil Smith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5. A stimulating review of what is happening musically in America today. Performers, conductors, agents, institutions, and educators who make serious music part of daily community interest—all are given a brisk once-over.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 981

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Merit.	141 147 102 4 92 68 30
B. Historic object carried by U. S.S. *Indianapolis*, 1945 (2 wds.).	15 127 34 44 132 37 79 146
C. Rich petticoat worn by French Basque women.	29 85 65 112 16 52 163 77
D. Ancient name for the lower part of the Danube.	159 13 89 121 78
E. Particularizing the largest and strongest anchor a ship carries.	46 126 71 99 58
F. A mole.	25 117 130 142 111
G. A Goethe hero who fascinated Beethoven.	21 125 155 137 35 47
H. Slight gust of air.	22 128 62 75 94
I. Last lines of an Italian sonnet.	32 10 103 150 114 119
J. State of being an irregular individual.	12 97 88 139 57
K. City in Utah where Brigham Young made peace with the Indians, 1854.	55 7 156 98 105
L. The wife's vested interest in her husband's property (2 wds.).	73 48 61 152 31 5 124 51 11 14
M. One form of blood poisoning.	19 145 2 28 123 33 80

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Series of classifying terms in logic.	18 84 131 96 148 63 106 27 50
O. Bring about in face of obstacles.	24 38 76 64 9 107
P. What Noah, Daniel, and Margaret have in common.	59 45 56 36 26 133 83
Q. Resembling liver.	23 41 3 43 81 69 153
R. Surplus goods; more than the recorded quantity.	162 53 1 109 129 17 140
S. Constellation containing the bright star Regulus.	87 95 90
T. Member of the Draconian Court of 51, in ancient Athens.	82 143 40 110 115 157
U. Drug administered to inhibit powers of invention (2 wds.).	160 122 138 39 151 42 134 67 108 20
V. Author of lyrics and libretto for "San Toy," 1899, "Lilac Time," 1912, etc.	49 60 104 101 136
W. Act of burning.	113 72 149 74 154 8
X. Place of human sacrifice, esp. of children, to Ammonite god Moloch, according to Milton, etc.	158 118 91 116 66 144
Y. Gradually ascending and curving ramp.	120 54 100 6 70 86 161 135 93

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

						1 R	2 M	3 Q	4 A	5 L	6 Y	7 K	8 W	9 O	10 I		11 L	12 J
13 D			14 L	15 B	16 C	17 R	18 N	19 M		20 U	21 G		22 H	23 Q	24 O	25 F		
26 P	27 N	28 M			29 C	30 A	31 L	32 I	33 M	34 B	35 G	36 P		37 B	38 O		39 U	
40 T	41 Q			42 U	43 Q	44 B	45 P		46 E	47 G	48 L	49 V	50 N		51 L	52 C	53 R	
54 Y	55 K			56 P	57 J		58 E	59 P	60 V		61 L	62 H	63 N	64 O		65 C	66 X	
67 U	68 A	69 Q	70 Y	71 E	72 W		73 L	74 W	75 H	76 O	77 C	78 D			79 B	80 M	81 Q	
82 T	83 P	84 N	85 C	86 Y	87 S	88 J		89 D	90 S		91 X	92 A	93 Y	94 H	95 S	96 N		
	97 J	98 K	99 E		100 Y	101 V	102 A	103 I		104 V	105 K	106 N	107 O	108 U	109 R	110 T		
111 F	112 C	113 W	114 I		115 T	116 X	117 F		118 X	119 I	120 Y	121 D	122 U		123 M	124 L		
125 G	126 E	127 B		128 H	129 R	130 F	131 N		132 B	133 P	134 U	135 Y		136 V	137 G	138 U		
139 J	140 R	141 A		142 F	143 T		144 X	145 M		146 B	147 A	148 N	149 W		150 I	151 U		
152 L		153 Q	154 W	155 G	156 K	157 T	158 X	159 D	160 U	161 Y	162 R	163 C						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 37 of this issue.

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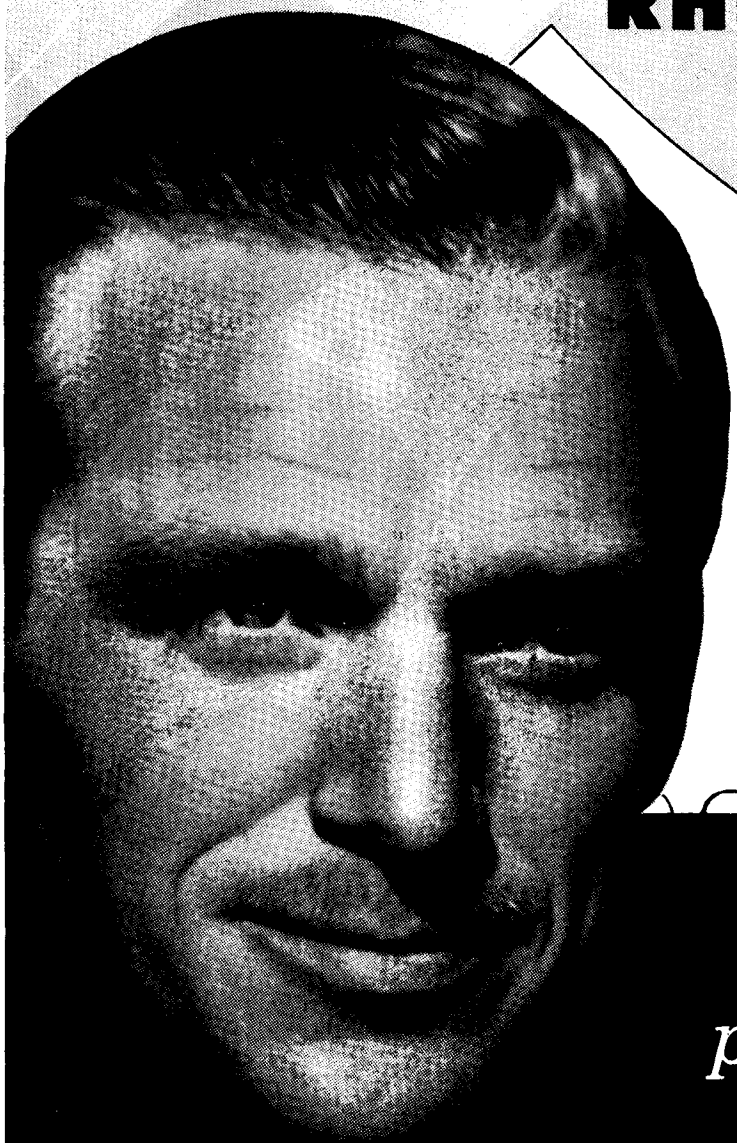

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